

DECEMBER

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1955

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SVETLANA
BERIOSOVA



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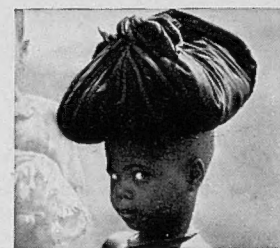
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 21 to December 28



Barry Swaeb

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA, the exquisite Sadler's Wells ballerina, is the subject of our cover this week. The exceptional quality of her dancing has brought enthusiastic comment in recent years. She is Lithuanian by birth, and came to England in 1947. The same year she joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as their joint principal dancer with Elaine Fifield, and toured America with them. In the summer of 1952 she made her début with the senior Sadler's Wells company at Covent Garden as the Lilac Fairy in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Since then she has danced many leading rôles including Odette/Odile in *Lac des Cygnes*

Dec. 21 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend a performance of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs.

The annual dance for ten–sixteen-year-olds at the Seymour Hall in aid of the Feathers Clubs, under the chairmanship of the Marquesa de Casa Maury.

First night of *Cinderella* at the Palace Theatre.

First night of *The Wild Duck* at the Saville.

Dec. 22 (Thurs.) First night of *Charley's Aunt* at the Globe Theatre. That popular comedian Frankie Howerd makes his first appearance in the leading rôle of a straight play.

Noddy In Toyland at the Princes Theatre (matinées). Enid Blyton's famous children's character on the stage.

Dec. 23 (Fri.) First night of *Peter Pan* at the Scala Theatre with Peggy Cummins as this year's Peter.

The Famous Five at the Princes Theatre (evenings). Enid Blyton's new play with Betty Stockfield.

Dec. 24 (Sat.) *The Marvellous Story Of Puss In Boots* opens at the Fortune Theatre. A fairy tale come to life.

Tom Arnold's Circus at Haringay.

Dec. 25 (Sun.) Christmas Day. The Queen's speech. B.B.C., 3 p.m.

The Queen and Prince Philip will attend an evening carol service in West Newton Church, near Sandringham.

Dec. 26 (Mon.) Boxing Day. *Where The Rainbow Ends* opens at the Festival Hall, with Anton Dolin, as St. George, and Violetta Elvin.

Family Fun opens at the Adelphi Theatre, with Harry Corbett and his famous puppet Sooty, Mick and Montmorency. Matinées only.

Dec. 28 (Wed.) The Cowdray Pony Club Ball at Arundel Castle.

Racing at Cheltenham (two days).

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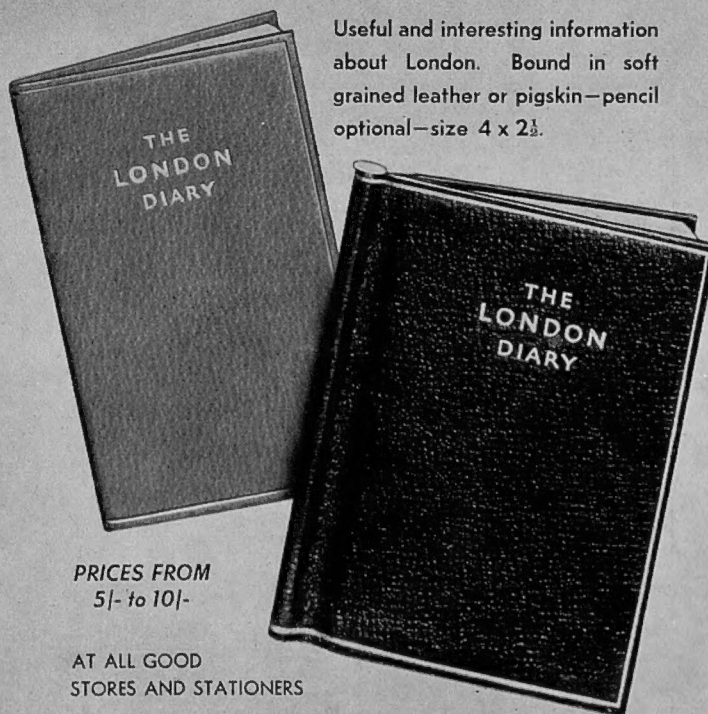
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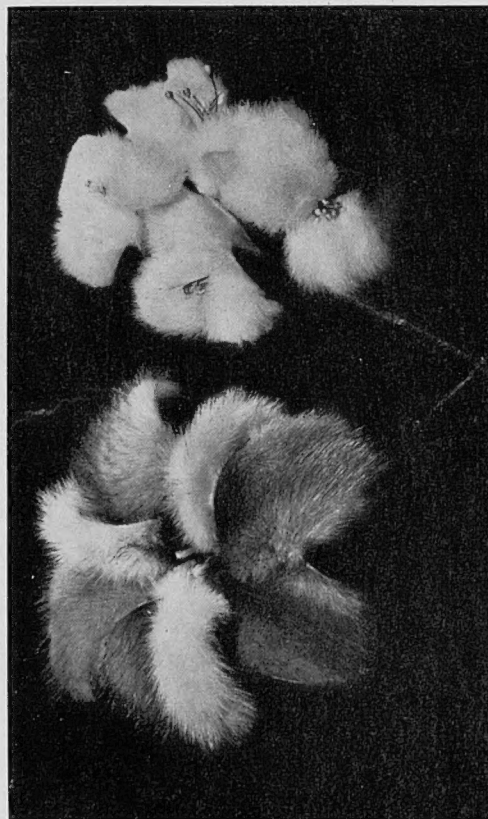
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Eric Coop

Wife and daughter of a renowned playwright

THE Hon. Mrs. William Douglas-Home, here with her daughter Sarah, who was a twelve-month-old this autumn, is the wife of one of our most distinguished playwrights, whose *The Reluctant Debutante* has many claims to be considered the play of the year.

Mrs. Douglas-Home was before her marriage in 1951 Miss Rachel Brand, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Brand, C.M.G., and she is a granddaughter of Viscount Hampden. The Douglas-Homes, who have also a three-year-old son James, live at East Meon in Hampshire

TESSA MEYER MAKES DÉBUT

FOUR-months-old Tessa Violet Meyer, daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, is seen in the arms of her mother, while her father, brother Ashley, aged ten, and sister Carolyn Clare, a year older, look on. Educated at Eton and Oxford, Sir Anthony, the third Baronet, joined the Foreign Service in 1947 and is now a First Secretary at the British Embassy in Paris. This photograph was taken at the Sunningdale home of Lady Meyer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight



Betty Swaabe

Social Journal

Jennifer

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS

TO readers all over the world I wish a very happy Christmas. May the New Year give us health and prosperity, and above all, peace throughout the Commonwealth and all nations.

★ ★ ★

ST. MARGARET'S Church, Westminster, was decorated with big vases of white lilac, with arum lilies and deep pink carnations clustered in the centre of each, for the marriage of Mr. Euan McCorquodale, son of Brig. and Mrs. N. D. McCorquodale, and Miss Sally Clive, daughter of Brig. A. F. L. Clive and the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby. The Dean of Hereford, Canon Charles Smyth, and the Rev. Simon Burrows officiated at the ceremony.

It was an exceptionally pretty wedding. The bride, who was given away by her father, was one of the most charming of the 1954 debutantes and looked radiant. She wore one

of the most beautiful wedding dresses I have ever seen. It was designed for her by Mr. Norman Hartnell and made of white duchess satin, embroidered with pearls and diamanté. The train cut in one with the gown had similar embroidery. Her long silk tulle veil, which was held in place by a magnificent diamond tiara—an heirloom in the Portman family—fell right down over the train, and instead of a bouquet she carried an ivory-covered prayer book.

HER retinue made a brilliant note of colour on a grey winter's day. The six holder bridesmaids, who again were exceptionally pretty girls, wore long, full-skirted fuchsia-pink faille dresses with head-dresses of shaded pink flowers. They were Miss Annette Swire, Miss Jane Sheffield, Miss Mary-Emma Steel, cousins of the bride, Miss Philippa Kidston-Montgomerie, Miss Mary Mount and Miss Caroline York.

The four child bridesmaids, Louise Clive and Angela Sheffield, cousins of the bride,

Sally McCorquodale, cousin of the bridegroom, and Catriona Gordon, his niece, wore fuchsia-pink organza dresses. The two little pages both had white silk shirts with lace jabots and the kilt. Lord Scrymgeour wore the kilt of the Hunting Stuart tartan, and Neil McCorquodale the kilt of the MacLeod tartan.

AFTER the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where they received the guests with Brig. and Mrs. McCorquodale. Mrs. Bowlby looked lovely in a printed black silk dress with a black velvet hat trimmed with tiny crystal and iridescent beads, while the bridegroom's mother looked charming in red. The large ballroom was soon filled with the many guests, who wished the young couple good luck as they stood in front of a flower bedecked fireplace with their retinue of bridesmaids and pages grouped beside them.

The Countess of Dundee, whose small son was one of the pages, was there with her



daughter, Miss Hermione Faulkner, who came out this year. Hermione, who was looking sweet in a cherry red velvet coat and a tiny hat, is off to Florence in the New Year for several months. The bride's uncles, Viscount Portman and the Hon. Michael Portman, were both there with their wives. But unfortunately her grandmother, Dorothy Viscountess Portman, was not well enough to be present at this lovely wedding.

LORD AND LADY MCCORQUODALE were there with their daughters Susan, who is engaged to Capt. William Forbes, and Prue, who made her début this year. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, with their two sons Ian and Glen. Mrs. Gerald Legge, very pretty in geranium pink, completed the family party.

Lord Carnegie was talking to Miss Sarah Henderson, who was in her usual gay spirits, while Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn chatted with Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield. Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield's second daughter, who has inherited the family good looks, had come up from school for the day. It was rather a special occasion as both her sisters were bridesmaids to their cousin. I met Sir John Child and his pretty daughter Diana, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Barclay—she is just back from America—Major Alistair McIntyre, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, joint-Master of the Heythrop hounds, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace, Mr. Sandy Pease and Lady Mount.

A PICTURESQUE figure wearing the kilt, and meeting many friends, was Johnnie Fraser, head stalker at the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby's Scottish home, Inverinate, Kyle of Lochalsh, in Ross-shire. He was previously with Lord Lovat at Beaulieu, where his father was head stalker for many years, and had come down for the wedding with his wife to represent the estate people at Inverinate.

The Countess of Stradbroke was there, also Mrs. Victor Seely, Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley, Lord David Crichton-Stuart and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort. There were no speeches, and Lord McCorquodale quite simply asked everyone to join in drinking the health of Sally and Euan. When they left for their

honeymoon, which is being spent in the West Indies and the United States, the bride wore a cherry red coat and little hat to match, with touches of blue. They are an outstandingly nice young couple, who everyone hopes will have many years of happiness together.

★ ★ ★

WHEN you have a delightful home in the country how wise it is to give your daughter's coming-out dance there. Mrs. Anthony Parker recently gave a very good one for her débutante daughter, Miss Felicia Franklyn, at Delamore, Cornwood, in Devon. The house, which is on the edge of Dartmoor, was built as a wedding present for Admiral George Parker and his bride, Miss Anne Praed, about one hundred years ago. Previously an Elizabethan house stood on the same site, and the Parker-Praed families have lived here for four hundred years.

Many friends in the neighbourhood had house parties for the ball, which was a very gay affair and went on until the early hours of the morning. Mrs. Parker, who wore a green stole with her brown velvet dress, received the guests with Felicia, who looked sweet in mushroom coloured brocade. Staying in the house for the ball were Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. Bryan Curling, who wore black, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling, the latter in green and gold, Major Anthony Parker's sister, Mrs. Denis Dolland, Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven's auburn-haired daughter, the Hon. Diana Baird, who is working hard at a secretarial course, and Miss Penelope Hanbury, pretty in embroidered white organza with a black velvet sash.

OTHER guests included Viscount Colville of Culross, down for the vacation from Oxford where he is reading law, Mr. Nigel Inglis-Jones, who is also reading law at Oxford, and Mr. Court Granville, a cousin of Felicia's, who is a descendant of Sir Richard Grenville, the King's General of Cromwellian times, who came from the West Country. The Earl and Countess of Mount Edgumbe brought a big party over from Mount

[Continued overleaf]



A DECEMBER BRIDE at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was Miss Annysbella Sarah Clive, who smiled happily with her husband Mr. Euan McCorquodale. Above left, members of their retinue, pages Neil McCorquodale, Lord Scrymgeour with Sally McCorquodale, Angela Sheffield, Catriona Gordon and (hidden) Louise Clive

Continuing The Social Journal

A Coming-out Dance in Devon

Edgumbe, including their daughter, Lady Margaret McCausland. Mrs. Anthony Parker shared a house in London with Lady Margaret for their daughters during the season. Her home is at Drenagh in Northern Ireland, and with her she brought her daughter Fiona and her son Marcus, who did his National Service in the Irish Guards—his father's, Col. Conolly McCausland's, old regiment.

LADY HILARIA GIBBS also came in her parents', Lord and Lady Mount Edgumbe's party; her husband, Col. Denis Gibbs, could not come owing to illness, but her eldest daughter, Jillianne, who was in blue, was with them. Others in this party were Miss Marina Orloff, Miss Virginia Llewellyn and Miss Jane Dawson, whose aunt Lady Roborough brought a party with Lord Roborough from their home, Bickham House, near Yelverton. These included their daughter, the Hon. Myra Lopes, very pretty in cream organza, for whom Lady Roborough is giving a dance next year on April 7, at Maristow.

Other young girls in their party were Miss Jane Hill Wood, Miss Kirsty Dundas who had come down from Sussex, Lady Nell Harris and Miss Joanna Bacon.

Lord Roborough's sister, Lady Carnock, whose husband is a great supporter of the Dartmoor hounds, brought a party, as did Capt. and Mrs. Coryton of Pentillie Castle in Cornwall, Mrs. Griggs-Strode, who is a near neighbour and lives in her old home, Newnham Park, Cdr. and Mrs. Penrice-Lyons, of Glazebrook, the latter looking particularly well in a blue brocade dress, Miss Marjorie Ilbert, who brought a party over from Bowringsleigh, a lovely old Elizabethan house near South Brent, and Col. and Mrs. Michael Aird, whose son Capt. Alastair Aird is in the 9th Lancers and flew back from Germany for the dance with several brother officers, the Hon. Nick Crossley, Mr. Peter Montefiore, Mr. Christopher Mordaunt and Mr. Nigel Pease.

COL. AND MRS. AIRD's party joined up with W/Cdr. and Mrs. Bill Hare's at their home, Curtis Knowle, and dined together, a combined party of twenty-eight. Major Anthony Parker, who inherited Delamore from his grandfather, Col. William Parker, was busy at the ball seeing that all went smoothly. He is a very fine cricketer and has played for Hampshire and Devon, and he also plays a good game of real tennis.

Among other guests were Air Marshal Sir Alec and Lady Coryton and their daughter Belinda, Mr. and Mrs. George Coryton, who live near Yelverton, Cdr. and Mrs. Lionel Philips, Lt.-Cdr. Geoffrey St. Aubyn, and Mr. Henry Studholme, the local Member of Parliament, with his wife, whose young guests included Lady Tweedsmuir's daughter, Miss Anne Grant.

Other young people enjoying this gay country dance included that vivacious personality, Miss Camilla Straight, who was staying with her grandmother, Mrs. Elmhurst, who had a house party at Dartington Hall, Miss Lucy Egerton, Mr. Barry Maxwell, Miss Pru Molesworth St. Aubyn, the Hon. Mark FitzAlan-Howard, Miss Mary Dawn Illingworth, Miss Sally Whitelaw and Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT drew the numbers for the lucky programme prizes at the Snow Ball held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the United Appeal



DISCUSSIONS DURING COCKTAILS, at the home of Mrs. John C. Carras, in Avenue Road, forwarded the Young People's Ball to be held on Jan. 10. Above, Mrs. B. Cross and Mrs. George Courtauld, ball president



Mrs. Geoffrey Baker, Mrs. Kenneth Hall and Mrs. E. G. Plucknett. The ball will be at Londonderry House, in aid of the League of Pity



Mrs. Robin Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C. organizer, with Countess Howe, of the ball committee

Desmond O'Neill



The CHRISTMAS Number of The TATLER is the most attractive greeting card imaginable. A brilliant mixture of tradition and modernity, its contributors include Margery Allingham, Nancy Spain, Edmund Blunden and many of the regular writers to this journal. It may be ordered for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d., or obtained at any bookstall

for the Blind. He drew them at the table of Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, Chairman of the United Appeal for the Blind, who had Mrs. Attlee in his small party, also his two pretty daughters, Mrs. Peter de Zulueta and her husband, and Miss Flavia Browning.

During the evening, speaking through the microphone, he said he was sure that everyone present would wish Mrs. Attlee and her husband, who had retired that day and received his Earldom from the Queen next morning, many years of peaceful retired life together. Mrs. Attlee, soon to be known as Countess Attlee, was vice-president of the ball and had given invaluable help organizing presents for the tombola, and on the night was working tremendously hard giving out the prizes. Helping her here were that charming American, Mrs. Stuart Don, Mrs. Reginald Duthy, Mrs. Russell Weilenmann and several other members of the committee.

MRS. TOM PAGE, the chairman, and the ball committee, are to be congratulated on one of the most successful events of the year. They sold around seven hundred tickets, had collected exceedingly good prizes for the lucky programmes and tombola, and arranged for Roger Dann, the French cabaret artist and film star, to fly over from Paris to do a cabaret turn. The committee also carefully chose a very good four course dinner which Kaufleur, the head chef of the Dorchester, produced superbly cooked and all piping hot for the large number present.

Lady Chesham was one of the vice-chairmen and had lent her flat for one of the committee meetings. She and Lord Chesham had a big party of friends with them, and joined up at one long table with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vanderfelt. Mrs. Page had a big party at another long table, as did Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy and Miss Monica Michell, whose party included Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, the Hon. John Siddeley and his wife, who wore a very pretty pink dress, Lord Marley and the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, who told me that this year they were going out to St. Moritz earlier than usual so that their nine-year-old schoolboy son could accompany them.

AMONG those I saw supporting this ball for the blind were the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Dundee, Lord and Lady Mancroft, his sister the Hon. Mrs. Bostock Hill, Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel.

There were also a large number of younger people present, many of whom had been on the junior committee of which Miss Penelope Ansley and Miss April Brunner were joint chairmen. Among those I noticed dancing were Miss Virginia Llewellyn, Miss Ruth Huggins in pale blue, Miss Fiona Duthy, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Vanya Walker Leigh, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Teresa Crossley, Mr. George Earle and Miss Charlotte Bowater partnered by the Duke of Kent.

★ ★ ★

LADY PULBROOK has once again taken on the chairmanship of the Limelight Ball to be held, as last year, at the Savoy Hotel on New Year's Eve, when there will be an exceptionally good cabaret, New Year decorations, a tombola and sideshows. She is hoping to make it a greater success than ever and asks for everyone's support. Even if you cannot take tickets, send a donation, or send a gift for the tombola.

The proceeds of the ball go to the Royal London Society for the Blind (the children), and I am sure that if any reader went down to one of the Society's homes and saw these children, how courageous they are with this great handicap in their young lives, they would make a New Year resolution to give freely every year to help bring them happiness. The first year that Lady Pulbrook was chairman the ball made a profit of £500, last year she was chairman again, and they made £2,500. This year she hopes to beat that and make at

least £3,000! Lady Pamela Mountbatten is vice-chairman and also working very hard for the event. For tickets, donations, or anything you can contribute, send to Lady Pulbrook, 2 Onslow Square, S.W.7.

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THE annual Pineapple Ball in aid of Stowe Club for Boys in the Edgware Road is to take place at Grosvenor House on January 5. This is always a youthful and merry affair, exceptionally well run by a young committee of which this year's chairman is Mr. David Duckworth. All the profits from this year's ball will go towards the new club which is being built in 1956. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 34 Luttrell Avenue, S.W.15.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET enjoys American musicals and their gay tunes perhaps more than any member of the Royal Family—so it is good to hear that she will be present at the preview on January 24 at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, of the new U.S. musical, *Plain And Fancy*. This is being given in aid of the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers which was founded by the famous Sister Agnes in 1899, for all commissioned officers of the three Services, serving, retired or extemporary. This hospital has been disclaimed by the Minister of Health, and is therefore dependent on voluntary support.

General Sir Gerald Templer is President of the Committee running the preview, with Lady Osborn as chairman and Mr. James Ballantyne the honorary treasurer. Tickets for this preview, which are likely to be sold out early, can be had from Lady Osborn, 79 Davies Street, W.1.



Mr. Patrick Hughes-Reckett and Miss Prue Glynn were having an amusing discussion



"BALL OF THE FUTURE" in aid of the National Association of Training Corps for Girls was held at the May Fair Hotel, and was most successful. The entertainments included bridge and canasta. Above: Miss Sasha Durlacher and Lt. B. W. Stark, R.N.

Mrs. Paul Hyde-Thomson and Lt.-Cdr. Robert de Pass were studying the dance programme before going to the ballroom

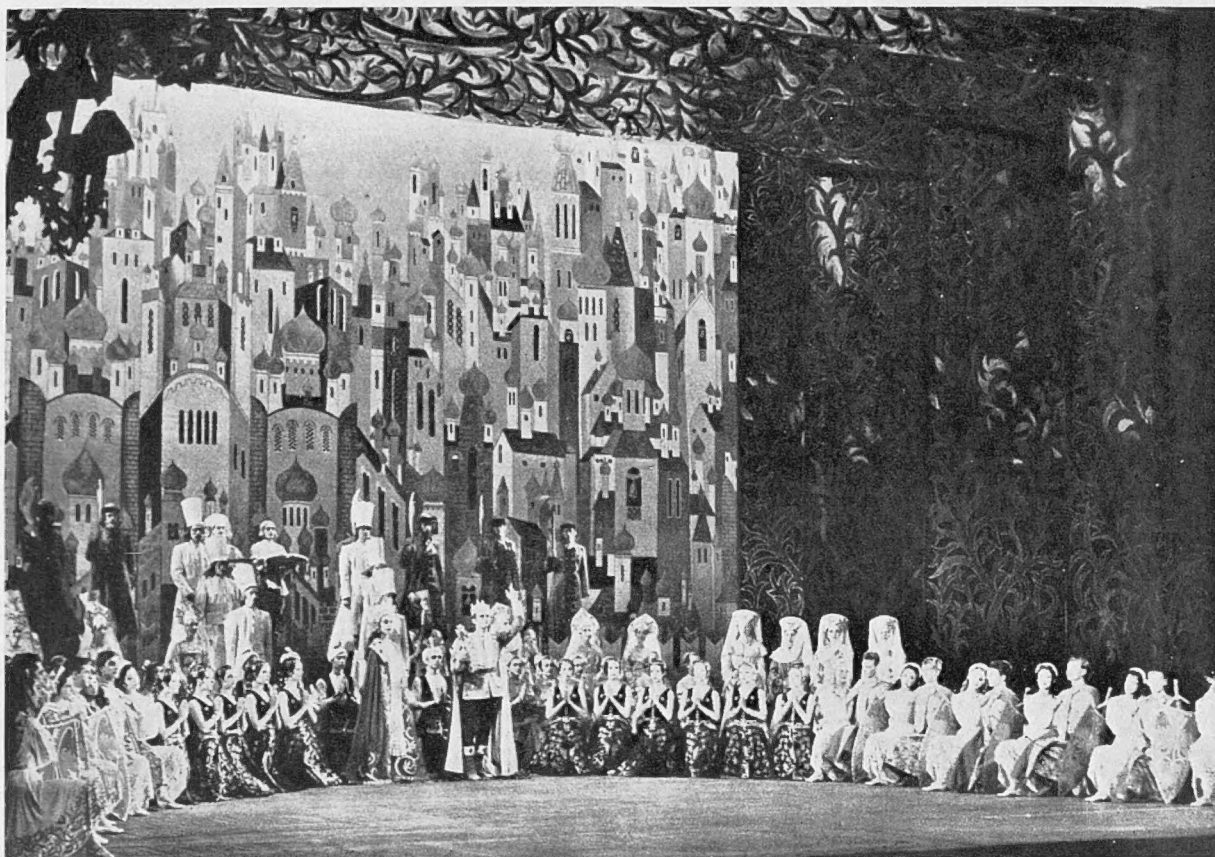
Miss Johanna Norton-Griffith and Mr. Gresham Vaughan. A high-powered jazz session took place during the evening



A. V. Swaabe

Mr. Stewart Ross-Watt, Miss Jane Allday and Mr. Richard Chilton were among the guests at this very enjoyable event

Mr. George Rolston, Miss Jane Lindo, Mr. Peter Jones and Miss Penny Allan-Smith sitting out between dances



"Wedding of the Prince and Tsarevna," one of the hundred or more photographs in *Gala Performance* (Collins 42s.), a record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet over twenty-five years. The foreword is by H.R.H. Princess Margaret, and the contributors have all given their services. The proceeds will form an endowment for the Sadler's Wells School

"THE WELLS" MEETS A CHALLENGE

KIERAN TUNNEY, writer of this article, is one of the youngest and most controversial ballet critics today. He has had three plays presented in the West End, the most recent being "A Priest In The Family," which ran for some months in 1951. Mr. Tunney is also a broadcaster and writer of screenplays. He recently signed a long-term film contract, and is to collaborate on a musical with Lord Foley, the composer

LONDON is nowadays the ballet centre of the Western world. A succession of companies—some excellent, some indifferent—invade our theatres, bringing dancers of every colour who perform on toes, heels and even the balls of their feet. All are welcomed, praised and supported, but the true English balletomane is never really happy unless our own national company—the Sadler's Wells Ballet, headed by the incomparable Margot Fonteyn—is also in residence at Covent Garden.

In ten days time—on December 31 at seven-thirty to be exact—the "Wells" will be with us again. To the strains of Chopin's limpid music, orchestrated by Gordon Jacob, the famous crimson curtains of the Royal Opera House will part to reveal—through the misty lighting achieved by expert John Sullivan—Alexandre Benois's lovely setting for Fokine's masterpiece *Les Sylphides*.

SECONDS later, Fonteyn, partnered by David Blair, will appear once again, weaving the kind of spell that makes it seem easier to skim, rather than walk, on a surface; the *corps de ballet*—if on form—will seem ethereal and sylph-like, giving no indication of the physical strength their performance requires. And when the curtain falls, applause from every corner of the vast house will surely confirm the box office barometer that their return has been eagerly awaited.

The American tour now ended—the fourth undertaken by the company in six years—has been particularly beneficial to the younger members of the company. Lovely Svetlana Beriosova—who graces the front cover of this issue—was, during the last Covent Garden season, occasionally nervous when tackling

the full-length classical rôles such as Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*, Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* or Swanhilda in *Coppélia*. Dancing before strange, vast audiences throughout the United States has enabled her to conquer an innate shyness, and balletgoers will notice a new brilliance in her work during the forthcoming season.



David Blair

ANYA LINDEN, another favourite of mine, has also benefited from the tour. Unlike Beriosova, she has not yet been awarded ballerina status; but her American success as Swanhilda in *Coppélia* has, apparently, impressed Dame Ninette de Valois, the company's director, for the critics are being invited to see her dance this rôle at Covent Garden on January 26.

The young male dancers, too, have developed as personalities during the four months they have been away. The established favourites—Michael Somes, Alexander Grant and Brian Shaw—will soon find formidable rivals in David Blair, Philip Chatfield and Desmond Doyle if they attract the kind of attention here that the American public and critics showered on them.

IN fact, if the continued success of English ballet was dependent on dancers there would be little to worry about; the entire company won praise in every city visited.

The ballets, however, were not, on the whole, considered worthy of the performances they received.



Anya Linden

Rogers

Works such as *Tiresias*, *Rinaldo And Armida* and *Madame Chrysanthème* got much the same critical reception there—tolerance rather than enthusiasm—that they had received earlier in this country.

New vital ballets are urgently needed and someone capable of creating them must be found.

DURING the past few years, the "Wells's" principal choreographer, Frederick Ashton, has been noticeably more successful in creating works for rival organizations—such as the Royal Danish Ballet who commissioned his *Romeo And Juliet*—than for the company he co-directs with de Valois. And this is hardly surprising when one remembers that he has been part-and-parcel of Ninette de Valois' artistic enterprise almost from the beginning. For no creative artist—and the bulk of Ashton's earlier works had the undeniable stamp of genius—can work indefinitely in the same atmosphere; consequently it would be foolish to expect the present need to be filled by him alone.

FORTUNATELY, Dame Ninette has once again—as so often throughout her spectacular career—anticipated a crisis; a number of new ballets have been announced for the coming season.

Two of these will be created by choreographers new to Covent Garden audiences—Kenneth MacMillan and Alfred Rodrigues. John Cranko, whose *The Lady And The Fool*,

though not completely satisfactory, was undoubtedly the most stimulating new work presented at the Opera House in the past three years, will devise a full-length ballet with Beriosova and Blair in the leading rôles; based on a series of fantastic fairy tales, this is to be called *The Green Serpent*. And a new work by Frederick Ashton, *La Péri*—mounted on a score by Paul Dukas—will be seen early in February.

It is, however, no reflection on Ashton and Cranko to say that the ballets being planned by MacMillan and Rodrigues are of even greater importance—at this stage of the company's progress—than those being evolved by the more experienced and established choreographers; for the increasing scarcity of vital choreography, not only in England but throughout the world, is a danger to the continuance of ballet popularity.

IF MacMillan and Rodrigues—both of whom have done original and interesting work for smaller companies—can adjust their talents to a large-scale company and the vast acreage of Covent Garden's stage, they could be invaluable to English ballet; for, with Ashton and Cranko, they could set about providing the dancers with what they so desperately need—new works as interesting to perform as the superb revival of Fokine's *The Firebird*.

This coming season is a challenge to the "Wells"—I believe the remarkable Dame Ninette will be able to meet it.



Baron

Philip Chatfield



Rogers

Margot Fonteyn



Denis de Maré

Maryon Lane



"I'm afraid our First Aid manual is on the reserved list"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

ALTHOUGH there are some who swear by Lammas-tide—which is the nearest we approach to a midsummer festival—as the season for witches and ghosts, there is no doubt that since the days of Dickens the popular fancy for such indulgence has turned to this week, with Christmas four days away.

I have ghost stories.

The other day I went to dine with two charming American women, cousins, Natalie Hays Hammond and Elizabeth Hammond Taylor, who live in a delightful house in Charles Street, Mayfair. There is a hush and a quietness, a soft staircase and a dreaming fire. Above the fireplace there hangs a fine Peter Lely portrait of King James II. How much better Lely painted his men than his

women, who all look alike and are favourites of King Charles.

There was a retiring room next to where we were sitting, with a brighter fire and, against the wall, a Dolmetsch clavichord.

SUDDENLY one of the cousins said, casually: "You know there is somebody sitting in that room?"

Of course, I politely agreed, although there was no one there. But then I heard the creaking of a gate and it occurred to me that when this house was built Mayfair was a dairy-farming area.

"A creaking gate?" asked my hostess. I explained that I had never seen a ghost nor heard a ghost before in my life and had not expected to.

"But we felt the same, when first we came here," she said. "And then we asked a neighbour over the back garden wall whether she had heard a creaking gate, too."

"Why, of course I have. A creaking gate? It's milking time," said the neighbour. . . .

ANOTHER story, which you may find more fanciful but it is just as true. At the time of Cromwell at Blenkinsop Castle there lived Bryan de Blenkinsop and his wife. In the troubled times they happened to add to the confusion by falling out with each other. She took his hoard of gold and hid it, without telling him, for she suspected him of being a Roundhead, or about to be one.

Then the poor lady died.

And ever since then her ghost, a sorrowful White Lady, has haunted the manor and visitors are apt to find themselves touched on the shoulder by her while a plaintive voice sounds in their ears:

"Excuse me, but have you seen a worried man about here today?"

I HAVE always been interested in the possibility of ghost stories in the making.

The people are still alive, but something they did will make them ghosts when they die. I know a woman who will be a ghost.

During the war she was in the Forces and she fell in love with a high-ranking American air force officer. War over, he went home and she became lonely, not caring for the world as much as she had in those brilliant days. And she became poor, and so shabby. She didn't bother about her hair so much and the clothes she wore would do for shopping.

The other day the telephone rang. It was her airman. Now a general, he asked her out to lunch in the West End.

Of course, she panicked. She could not see him as she was and so she temporized.

Would he come for supper?

SHE raced to the hairdresser, raced to buy wine, flowers, a pot of pâté. She borrowed a dress and some records for the gramophone. She asked the richest tenant in the house in which she was staying whether she might borrow his pleasant room for the evening and he willingly agreed. She bathed, dressed and felt wonderful and then she had one last idea. Two aspirins would make her eyes shine.

The next thing she knew it was ten o'clock the following morning and underneath the door there lay a note from her general.

"I guessed when there was no reply it meant you didn't want to see me any more. I'm sorry."

She had taken two sleeping pills in mistake for the aspirins.

One day that woman will haunt that house.

★ ★ ★

THE Duke of Edinburgh appealed at a dinner the other night for £75,000 to send the British Olympic Games team to Australia next year. He said that few could afford to be amateurs any longer and it was not right to send them abroad as travelling Civil Servants.

But what is an amateur? Apart from yachting, polo and croquet, there ain't no such beast. All other sportsmen take their expenses like gents and receive their prizes as a just reward for their courage and endeavour.

I think the word amateur has fallen into disrepute, for what it really means is a lover or enthusiast of the sport in which he or she engages. It no longer has anything to do with money.

And if the British Government cannot rustle up £75,000 to send British prestige sky high all over the world, then the taxpayer is on a poor wicket.



DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS, D.B.E., has through her personal genius and years of devoted service to the Sadler's Wells Ballet been responsible for the creation of what is now generally accepted to be the greatest ballet company in the world—an achievement which reaches a peak of twenty-five years when the Company produces its gala performance in February next year. Herself a notable ballerina, she was with Diaghileff's company from 1923-26. Her association with the "Wells" began in 1931 when she was appointed Director for the then Vic-Wells Ballet. Her own very successful ballets, which included *Job* and *The Rake's Progress*, were memorable examples of the best in modern choreography. To Dame Ninette this country owes an unrepayable debt for giving it a ballet at Covent Garden that holds audiences spellbound year after year. She was born in Ireland, and is a daughter of Lt.-Col. T. R. A. Stannus, D.S.O., of Carlingford



Col. S. E. Ashton was chatting with Mr. Stanley Rubin, joint-M.F.H., Mrs. Rubin, Col. A. Clarke-Brown, the Hunt hon. sec., Bruce Durno, the first whip, and Jim Stanley, the huntsman

SOUTH OXON'S BALL WAS HELD AT HENLEY

Miss Susan Fiennes and Mr. John Scott were sitting out together



THREE hundred guests had six hours of dancing at the South Oxfordshire Hunt Ball, which took place at Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames. The excellence of the season so far was reflected in the spirit and gaiety of the occasion

Mrs. H. Graham being partnered in a foxtrot by Mr. Rafael Valls



Mr. David Brown, the industrialist, talking with Mrs. Rafael Valls



Mr. A. P. Wilson and Mrs. J. C. Medly were watching the dancers after supper

At the Races

NO COLOUR LIKE RED

RED coats, red robins, red berries and wine-red noses! All quite in keeping with this season of the year, or with any old-fashioned Christmas, a thing which, by the way, we thought had gone for ever! However, these things have not gone; and even the Waits have survived. We may pay them to go away, maybe, instead of filling them up with hot rum punch, but we do not slaughter them, as I believe some people wanted to in days gone by.

I expect we shall soon hear of our preferring to go out hunting in hock-deep snow (as the Christmas-cards say our ancestors did). Snow, incidentally, does carry a scent if it is not frozen. And how disagreeable it can be if you happen to find yourself in a house full of frozen-out foxhunters at Christmas time! Everyone snappy, no one fit for human consumption but trying to look as if they were, with a fixed and horrid grin like the professional beauties we see in the picture papers.

IN the fiercer days of old, duels would probably have been very prolific just because they had nothing better to do. Yet our forebears must have enjoyed themselves, hardy and bold as they were, and in the interval between pistols for two and coffee for one, or skewering one another with the short sword, they drank three or four bottles of port at dinner, and next morning went out and jumped those enormous places pictured by Alken and his friends!

They then returned, sober let us hope, sat down in their muddy hunting kit just as they were, and waited until it was time to have another go at the port. Yet some of them lived to a great age.

As to the duelling part of it, I should think that de Guesclin would have had the time of his life, for he was very fond of that sort of thing. We still have the same *Causa Causans* as they used to have, but instead of a nice invigorating shooting match, or a go with the duelling sword, it ends up in bills of costs which are not half as good for the waist-line as fencing. Libel and slander actions were hardly heard of in those days; you just said "Zounds," or some such remark like that, plucked your sword out by his ears and then stuck it through the other fellow the first chance you had, hoping that it would reach out behind him a cloth yard. It must have been great fun and they had to learn that very clever trick of jumping back off the left foot after the recovery from the lunge.

WONDERFUL chaps! Tougher even than the "Cut 'em down Captains," who thought they had not had their money's worth unless they had collected at least fifteen falls in a week. Incidentally, they had only about four horses each. I expect they were really inferior jockeys, and probably liars to boot. No one bar a wash-ball-seated incompetent could collect that number of falls in one week unless he fell off quite a lot.

Jolly old times, gone, I fear, never to return, and we must make the best of what we can under present circumstances. People are just as fond of riding as they used to be, and although the country is wired-in like a bird-cage compared to what it used to be, nobody seems to mind very much; though personally I think, from my own experience of countries in which there are jumping places, you cannot possibly get on the same speed as you used to do. But, anyway, people seem to enjoy it and here's to those that we love and those that love us... you surely don't need to be told the rest?

— SABRETACHE



Desmond O'Neill



The Hon. Edward Biddulph, younger son of Lord Biddulph, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, Lord Roderick Pratt, Lady Roderick Pratt and Lady Rupert Nevill

Below: Miss Jean Macdonald was here being partnered in a quickstep by Mr. Richard Berens

Below: Mrs. Field-Marsham and her husband, joint Master of the Eridge, chatted to Mr. Tom Kerr



Sitting out during the evening were Miss Marian Young, the Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard and the Hon. Camilla Gage, daughter of Viscount Gage

KENT HOSTS WERE THE ERIDGE HUNT

AN event that had been looked forward to with keen anticipation in the hunting districts of Kent was the Eridge hunt ball which took place at the Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells. Nor were the several hundred guests disappointed, for the gaiety at this well-run evening continued well into the early hours



A. V. Swaabe

Capt. Guy Pets and Miss Jean McLeod, the ball secretary, in the bar

Priscilla in Paris

FREE SEATS FOR ALL

IT was quite a troublous evening. There was trouble at the National Assembly and it was rather more serious than usual, though, of course, one is accustomed to trouble there. It would be unwise to elucidate. There was trouble at the Comédie Française to find seats for the spectators who desired to attend the première of Charles Peguy's *Jeanne d'Arc*, while at a cinema in the Champs Elysées there was trouble to find spectators for the seats to view a Russian film shown in honour of visiting personages from the U.S.S.R. screen world.

The connection that exists between these contradictory facts is that several seats remained unoccupied at the Comédie, where some charming political ladies waited in vain for husbands detained at the Assembly. At the cinema half the house was empty because the seats sent out had not been asked for, and most of the notabilities who received them were going to see *Jeanne d'Arc*.

THEY ought, of course, to have declined with thanks, but "*toujours la politesse*" is an almost forgotten slogan in this beautiful country. However, the situation was saved by the astute management of the picture house; page-boys were sent out to inform saunterers in the Elysian fields that free seats were to be had for the asking, and a considerable queue formed up in less time than it takes to write the words—the spacing having gone wrong on my ancient "portable"!

I had not been invited to the U.S.S.R. festival, but in any case I would have plumped for Joan of Arc. I have both love and admiration for the Comédie Française, and there is much to learn even from its worst errors. To stage Charles Peguy's magnificent poem was a daring attempt to achieve the impossible. To perform the work in its entirety would take between seven or eight hours. Savage cuts had to be made and what remained was smothered under the most hideous costumes and

scenery that I have ever seen. They distracted one's eyes and hearing from the brilliant playing of the *comédiens français* and, above all, from the poet's beautiful lines.

SOMETIMES it happens that youthful rôles at the State Theatre are played by elderly *sociétaires*, but in this case Jeanne was played exquisitely by twenty-three-year-old Claude Winter. We leaned back in our seats, closed our eyes, listened to her charming voice, remembered her ardent, ecstatic visage and forgot that the costumier had dressed her like a pantomime prince. When, well after midnight, the famous company of her fellow-players left her alone on the stage to receive the personal applause she deserved, she was obliged to respond to many curtain-calls.

At the cinema the film and the speech-making came to a triumphant conclusion also, but even later. There was a reception afterwards at the Crillon, attended by all the screen-world, including some late escapees from the Assembly. In honour of the visitors, the golden dome of the Invalides and the floodlit splendour of the Place de la Concorde were not extinguished until 3 a.m.—not that Paris intended to compete with the Kremlin or the Red Square—and I hear that the effort was greatly appreciated.

NOW is the moment of the year when the literary prizes are awarded so conveniently for Christmas gifts. It is always a safe bet to send a prizewinning novel when one is not sure of a person's taste. If a non-reader, he—or she—can always send it on to someone else. It would be sad to relate the number of copies that sometimes are to be found on the second-hand bookstalls of the quays after the New Year.

This feline remark is not intended for the Femina Prize this year. The winning novel, *Le Pays où l'On n'Arrive Jamais*, by André Dhôtel, is a book that will be read from cover to cover, and then kept close at hand to dip into when the headlines of the Universe are more grim than usual. That



St. Pierre-de-Montmartre

a fifty-five-year-old professor of philosophy in a provincial town should have written such a fresh, charming and strangely innocent story is extremely comforting after the morbidly sordid output of some of the under-twenties of the last few years. Indeed, the ladies of the committee are to be congratulated on their choice.

WHEN the Femina Prize was founded in 1904 the members of the jury were more numerous. Of late years they have dwindled to twelve. A statistically-minded gossip—or do I mean sadiistically?—has announced that the average age of the ladies of this areopagus is sixty-eight. Given that the youngest, a friend of mine, proudly admits to sixty-five (and looks a mere fifty), one cannot help wondering about the age of the oldest.

This gives emphasis to the amusing *lapsus calami* made by an illustrated paper which printed a photograph of Professor Dhôtel in the midst of some of his young pupils. The caption-writer mistook them for the Femina ladies. However, the correction was made in time. It was rather a pity.

Question gastronomique

It seems that the lads of the Assembly are busy trying to discover by what method they can supply their constituents with the new omelette they demand without breaking any eggs.

English pupils at Mme. Boué's finishing school enjoy life in the French capital

Miss Lucy Bailey and Miss Penelope Cracroft-Amcotts assist Lady Kara King-Tenison on the skating rink

Mme. Boué takes a class: Miss L. de Salis, the Hon. K. Palmer, Miss H. Anderson, Miss C. Bissell-Thomas, Miss G. Burge, Lady K. King-Tenison and Miss W. Hoyle

Miss C. Bissell-Thomas, Miss P. Cracroft-Amcotts, Miss L. de Salis and Miss N. Kindersley watching a dress show

A. V. Swaabe





F. J. Goodman

Mme. Dormeuil, of la Bellefontaine

*M*ME. DORMEUIL is the attractive wife of M. Xavier Dormeuil. They own the lovely 18th-century Chateau de la Bellefontaine, near Chantilly, and also have a home in London. They are frequent visitors to Switzerland, where Mme. Dormeuil's parents are big landowners at Bellerive, near Geneva. M. and Mme. Dormeuil have three sons.

Illustrations by
Emmwood

"MY FATHER'S BROTHER, but no more like my father than I to Hercules." Hamlet (Paul Scofield) cannot forgive his mother, Gertrude (Diana Wynyard), for her second marriage, or his uncle (Alec Clunes) for his father's death



At the Theatre

Anthony Cookman

HAMLET UNDER THE WEATHER

MOSCOW was generous in its praise of the *Hamlet* that came to them recently as the first piece of English theatre made available in Russia since the Revolution. Just how generous we can learn now that the company, led by Mr. Paul Scofield, is home again and quartered at the Phoenix Theatre.

The courtesy proper to visits from foreign artists commonly puts something of a strain on actual integrity, and in this instance it was plain enough, reading between the lines of the careful appreciations written in *Pravda* and *Isvetzia*, that nothing had impressed the Russians quite so much as the sheer speed of the performance.

THIS is understandable. The Shakespeare theatre in Moscow is still accustomed to the elaborate settings and to the deliberate utterance of the verse, which went out here with Tree. Clearly the visitors created surprise by acting on a single multiple set and speaking the verse with the rapidity which we have come to take for granted as the best means of using as much of the text as possible.

The surprise must have been all the greater, since the multiple set designed by Mr. Georges Wakhevitch suits

its purpose admirably. It is a lofty Gothic crypt which serves equally well with the slightest possible changes of furniture for court or closet, battlements, theatre or graveyard.

This set carries always the suggestion that Elsinore is a closed-in place of corruption which is awaiting the fulfilment of tragedy and the fresh air let in by the arrival of young Fortinbras. It is, in fact a remarkably symbolic piece of work.

In addition it enables Mr. Peter Brook to set the action moving at a swift, bustling pace fitting its melodramatic nature. But the performance itself, judged apart from its setting and direction, is not one that would do any particular credit either to Stratford or the Old Vic. Mr. Alec Clunes is the only player who really comes to grips with his part. There is something of the bluff King Hal in his Claudius, but we are never allowed to forget that the smiling king has a mind most alert to the dangers of his own position.

He may be too preoccupied with the game of playing a genial king at ease among his courtiers to follow closely the play which has been put on to rend his conscience to the quick, but once he has seen through the device he acts with promptitude and good sense. Mr. Clunes not only understands the character

thoroughly; he is the only member of the company to get easy, natural music out of the verse.

The Russians admired the vigour of Mr. Scofield's carefully studied Hamlet; and so may we.

WE are free to add, however, that it is a notably mirthless and unduly solemn reading of the character. All the points are considered; many of them are made; and they add up to a performance of much dignity and some power. What we miss is a sense of the undulant, fascinating personality of the man. Mr. Scofield puts him across as an intellectual concept; but the concept is without the human warmth needed to draw our emotional sympathies into Hamlet's tragedy.

Mr. Scofield has always been a mannered actor. His mannered style is, it seems, growing on him and is leading him into a delivery of verse which varies all too little between the quietly deliberate and the angry shout.

THE rest of the playing ranges from the average to the bad. Mr. Ernest Thesiger tries skilfully to reconcile the obvious inconsistencies of Polonius by turning the Lord Chamberlain into a realistic study of mental decay. The effect unfortunately is to make us a little too sorry for the old gentleman and to be less amused by his foolishness than we are intended to be.

Among the bad performances must be included the surprisingly perfunctory Gertrude of Miss Diana Wynyard and the Ophelia of Miss Mary Ure, an Ophelia lacking in both sensibility and pathos.



POLONIUS (Ernest Thesiger), the Lord Chamberlain, doomed to die by Hamlet's sword



RICHARD BURTON

AS KING HENRY V

RICHARD BURTON, who makes a welcome return to the British stage in the Michael Benthall production of *King Henry V* at the Old Vic, is seen with the Princess of France, portrayed by Zena Walker, winner of the Herbert Tree and Kendal prizes at R.A.D.A., a member of the 1954 Stratford Company, and now in her first season at the Waterloo Road theatre. Mr. Burton, who has been filming in Hollywood for a year and a half, will also play Othello and Iago in *Othello*, alternately with John Neville, and Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*.

The Gramophone

THE PATHFINDERS

Robert Tredinnick

THERE is a completely new edition of *The Record Guide*, compiled by Edward Sackville-West, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, Andrew Porter and William Mann. This is expertly done, and in 1956 a supplement to it, covering records released while the publication was at press, will be made available. For anyone who takes their gramophone seriously this is an invaluable work of reference. (Collins; 35s.)

Ted Heath, Jeff Chandler, Max Bygraves, The Four Aces, and Lita Roza all contribute to Jack Jackson's *Record Round-Up*, edited by Don Nicholl. This is an odd conglomeration of pictorial mass neurosis and some interesting and informative editorial connected with gramophone recordings and their making. It is, perhaps, in the main a book for fans, though I would not be surprised if in a hundred or two years time it will be regarded as a work of anthropological significance. (Max Parrish; 10s. 6d.)

FROM the written to the spoken word, and that fifteen poems by Dylan Thomas, beautifully read by Richard Burton. I am always being told that recordings of the spoken word have little, if any, commercial value. Be that as it may, I shall be exceedingly surprised if this adult L.P. does not bring in plenty of shekels! (Argo RG. 43.)

Television

XMAS STOCKPILE

Freda Bruce Lockhart

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," and I can't help wondering whether it may not be the one time when people prefer real life, however clumsily conducted, to the unsociable shadows. However, Television planners have to proceed on the unlikely assumption that all the people want to view all the time, and have provided something for everybody who might want to watch at any time over Christmas. To-night A.R. presents *The Merry Christmas*, a musical version of *A Christmas Carol*, with Hugh Griffith as a Welsh Scrooge, and to-morrow *The Man Who Liked Christmas*.

ON Friday the B.B.C. revives *The Holly and the Ivy*, and on Christmas night *Bird in Hand*, with Herbert Lomas in the part he created and Terry-Thomas essaying his first straight part.

It is shrewd of A.T.V. to choose Christmas afternoon to present their new edition of "Sunday Afternoon." New items which will be welcome in any viewer's stocking are Max Adrian delivering a TV lampoon, and Yvonne Arnaud "Making Music." It is also welcome that Christmas in the Kremlin will not be placed in proximity to the Queen's Speech. That honour will be left to Emlyn Williams.

There are, I suppose, still some children to whom TV is a treat. For them the B.B.C. provides, on Christmas Eve, a nativity play, on Christmas Day a "Christmas Visit to Disneyland" and *Robinson Crusoe on Ice* (from Bourne-mouth); and on Boxing Day *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Josephine Griffin as the Good Fairy.



Francis C. Fuerst

SENSATION IN AMSTERDAM. Dutch cinemagoers opened their eyes when Gina Lollobrigida's new film, *The Most Beautiful Woman in the World*, had its première there. It tells the story of Lina Cavalieri, famous beauty of the 'nineties. Above, the Signorina as a Spanish dancer; below, in a spectacular scena, "The Birth of Venus"; and at foot of page, as Cleopatra





Vaselli

At the Pictures

Milly Vitale, star of the forthcoming *War and Peace*, based on Tolstoy's novel, has been visiting England, where she hopes shortly to make a film

EALING, THINK AGAIN!

AN Ealing comedy has always been something to look forward to, and often to look back on, with pleasure. I arrived at *The Ladykillers* in a rosy glow of anticipation, but left with mixed feelings of queasiness and claustrophobia. I hasten to add that I was obviously in a one-woman minority: my neighbours had enjoyed themselves hugely. I don't know why I can't be like everybody else and accept lunacy and murder as legitimate subjects for comedy—but there it is: I just can't. You must excuse me.

Mrs. Wilberforce is a dear little old lady, fragrantly played by Miss Katie Johnson, a lavender-and-lace darling of seventy-seven. She lives at the back of King's Cross Station in a tiny villa crammed full of hideous furniture and squawking parrots.

MR. ALEC GUINNESS, wearing a hungry-looking set of false teeth and a mad expression in his red-rimmed eyes, rents two rooms from her. She doesn't see anything odd about him or about his four friends, whom he introduces as members of an amateur string quintet. As they are a seedy ex-con-man who has lost his con. (Mr. Cecil Parker), a loutish Teddy-boy (Mr. Peter Sellers), a monstrous all-in wrestler known as One-Round (Mr. Danny Green), and a blue-chinned gunman (Mr. Herbert Lom), one concludes that the old girl must be mildly dotty or as short-sighted as Mr. Magoo.

While a gramophone churns out the music the sinister five are supposed to be making, an armed robbery in which Mrs. Wilberforce is to be their innocent accomplice is carefully plotted.

The coup is successfully carried out. Then

she discovers that she has unwittingly been a party to the theft of £60,000. She is terribly upset and so are the crooks—for though it's clear she'll now have to be bumped off, none of them really relishes the job.

THE scriptwriter, Mr. William Rose, hasn't the heart to kill her either. With a gusto I found a little shocking, he and the director, Mr. Alexander Mackendrick, set about disposing of the gangsters instead. One by one they're brought to a violent end and their bodies dropped over the railway bridge on to goods trains conveniently passing below. Mr. Guinness, the last to go, is slaughtered in a manner which I can't deny is highly original and which you may find wildly amusing, especially as the man is by this time palpably a raving lunatic. There must be something wrong with my sense of humour.

The final twist to the story is pretty enough and the film throughout has style—but give me *The Lavender Hill Mob* in preference, any day.



Humphrey Bogart appears in the somewhat unlikely role of a priest (acting, unpaid) in *The Left Hand of God*

IN *The Left Hand of God* Mr. Humphrey Bogart, in the garb of a Catholic priest, comes riding up to a Chinese mission station. It seems a little odd that he's carrying a gun—but perhaps, one tells oneself, he represents the Church Militant. The Chinese, the American mission doctor and his wife (Mr. E. G. Marshall and Miss Agnes Moorehead) and a mission nurse (Miss Gene Tierney) all accept him as a priest—though Miss Moorehead suspects him of having too much magnetism for his calling or for Miss Tierney's good.

The truth must out. Mr. Bogart is masquerading. He is an American airman who crashed somewhere in China—and he is a fugitive from a warlord named Yang (Mr. Lee J. Cobb) whom he has been forced to serve for three years.

Yang and a hundred of his armed men descend on the mission threatening to raze it to the ground unless Mr. Bogart returns to his service. The mission looks to its "priest" to save it—and Mr. Bogart does so by dicing with the warlord. His flock, however, look upon their deliverance as a genuine miracle.

WITH the arrival of two genuine priests, the fat is in the fire. Mr. Bogart has profaned the cloth and knows it. On the other hand, the "miracle" he has wrought has redounded to the credit of the Church. They ask him why he was prepared to gamble with Yang. Mr. Bogart wrinkles his face and says "Well, I guess I was sorta sure I'd win." This somewhat oblique profession of faith in God softens the hearts of the priests. Mr. Bogart is allowed to ride away again, still wearing his cassock but with strict injunctions to discard it as soon as he's out of sight.

This could have been an embarrassing and mawkish film with any actor but Mr. Bogart as the masquerader. Mr. Bogart never puts a foot wrong.

—Elsbeth Grant



Miss Shaen Lindsay-Stuart-Buttle, Mr. Fairfax Dunn and Miss V. Walker-Leigh

A WARM WELCOME FOR THE SNOW BALL

THE very successful Snow Ball at the Dorchester Hotel was held in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. The Hon. Mrs. John Wills was President and the vice-presidents were Mrs. Clement Attlee and the Countess of Listowel. Above: Mrs. Tom Page, chairman of the ball, with H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who drew the lucky numbers for the programme prizes



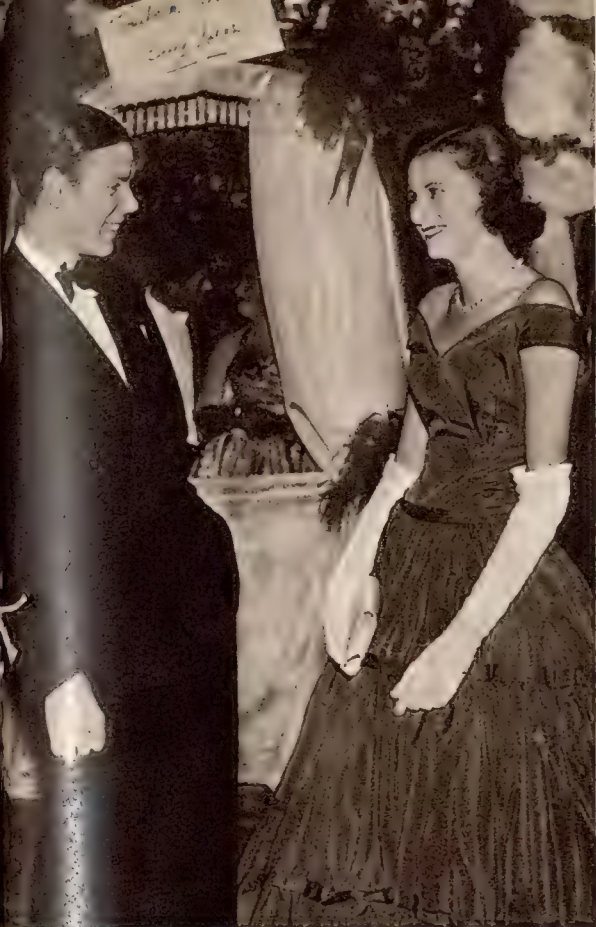
Mr. Anthony Coleridge and Miss Amanda Legge were sitting out between dances

Miss M. Corbett, Mr. V. Fane, Miss B. Casey, Miss E. Rhys and Mr. A. Pilkington

Mr. Michael Barlow and Miss Jane Darwin had a seat on the floor to watch the cabaret

Mr. D. Buchan, Miss Am. Miss T. Crossley and Col. H.





Mr. John O'Brien and Miss Marianne Ford were about to buy tombola tickets



Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano and Mr. Jimmy Newton in conversation



Mrs. John Wadley was greeting Mr. Marcus Macausland on arrival at the ball



A. V. Swaabe

Miss Stephanie Minchin, possessor of an exquisite fan, with Mr. Nigel Sitwell

D. Alderton,
G. Vanderfelt

Mrs. P. R. Reid was seated on the model car which she had won in the tombola



Miss Nichola Cayzer with Mr. David Bailey, who had his arms full of tombola prizes, of which there was a fine variety

Standing By

NOISES OFF IN MONACO

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RUINED chaps of breeding about to shoot themselves at Monte Carlo, where the Reds were so thoroughly routed in the recent Monaco elections, do so by request of the Casino management, either on the terrace or in the gardens; never in the Rooms. Under a Communist régime this concession to capitalist nerves would obviously be one of the first things to go (see *Das Kapital*).

Some years ago, a Monégasque citizen once told us, a well-dressed chap actually did shoot himself in the Rooms, creating such a brouhaha that even the croupiers looked round. This afforded the victim's business-associates just enough time to attend to a *trente-et-quarante* bank to their considerable advantage. And since the apparently fatal shot turned out to be a blank, one can hardly call the type concerned a cad, perhaps. It's the sight of blood which upsets Casino habitués, often for several minutes; unlike the habitués of Lord's, where in 1879 a Gentleman paused after taking "centre" to shoot two Players, silly-point and longstop, dead on the field. There was no comment from the stands, an umpire signalled briefly for two more Players, and the game went on. The incident seems to have involved Rule 67 ("Players, Disrespectful or Lewd Conduct Towards Gentlemen's Relatives of, Method of Avenging"), following some alleged winking or leering at a Gentleman's niece by marriage. See *Wisden* for that year.

Afterthought

IN the matter of the Casino gardens (above), it may interest you white men to know that it takes the official Service Squad less than five minutes from the firing of the fatal shot to arrive at the double, clear everything up, spick and span, and double back to quarters. Intensive drill is the secret, and many silver cups are won. In their off-time the boys polish up the trees, give a lick of paint to the flowers,

and wind up the birds. They can't do much to the Mediterranean, however, and rich women bored by this sea are recommended to turn their backs on it. And what backs.

Dingdong

GIRL bellringers shrink so instinctively from publicity that they probably won't thank us for applauding the recent appointment of two sweethearts in Derbyshire for the first time (*vide Press*) in 125 years. It's of some sociological and perhaps medical interest, nevertheless.

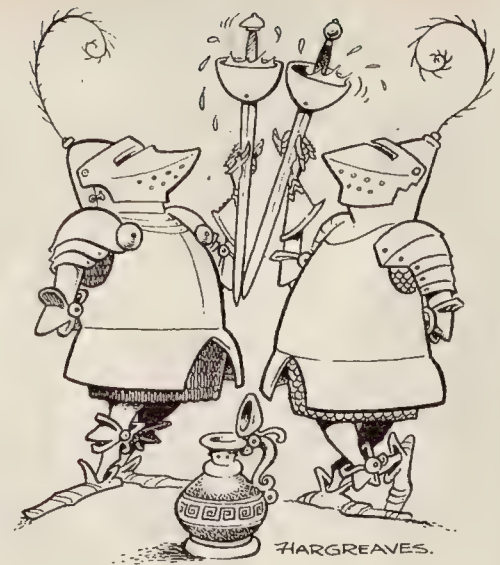
In 1830 William IV was on the throne. Although this bluff, kindhearted, tactless old sailor is dismissed in Greville's memoirs as a mere buffoon, he undoubtedly shared the Navy's decent horror at the idea of hot-faced English Roses swinging and sweating on ropes. He may therefore have issued a ukase. If girls must ring bells, one can hear William IV roaring, there are plenty at their disposal which can be rung with girlish grace and daintiness, damme, such as doorbells, teabells, muffin-bells, sleigh-bells, sheepbells, and bluebells (had he lived to see the Health-and-Beauty girls on parade he'd have added dumbbells). And again, in Derbyshire there is, or was, a famous local ailment, mentioned by Tennyson:

Ring out, wild bells, around the Peak,
Where red-faced men with swollen necks,
Ring till they drop like nervous wrecks,
And die in harness, so to speak. . . .

William IV would not care to see a girl with Derbyshire Neck ringing a peal of grandsire triples, we guess, nor would you. You would? Uh-huh.

Cuckooland

ADMITTING at a London dinner that one day he signed a cheque "William Blake," owing to obsession, a leading American authority on this eminent poet didn't surprise us one whit, jot, or tittle. Everybody who gets mixed up with Blake goes lightly cuckoo at intervals. Like Blake.



"Cheers . . ."

Having once lived nearly a whole summer in Blake's seaside cottage in Sussex we can speak with authority. In its front garden Blake saw a fairy's funeral, as he so proudly boasted. So did we. The fairies, all 10-in. high, wore tiny Lock bowlers and tartan plus-fours, and their head undertaker—who gave his name as Ted Dewdrop, of the Elfland Swiftsure Mortician Service Ltd.—proved an objectionable type, shouting at us "If you're not a ruddy poet, chum, just hop it." A sharp exchange ensued:

"Why?"

"Well, chum, this is a ruddy private do, see? Fairies and poets only, see, and I bet you never seen a ruddy poet in your life, not by the look of you."

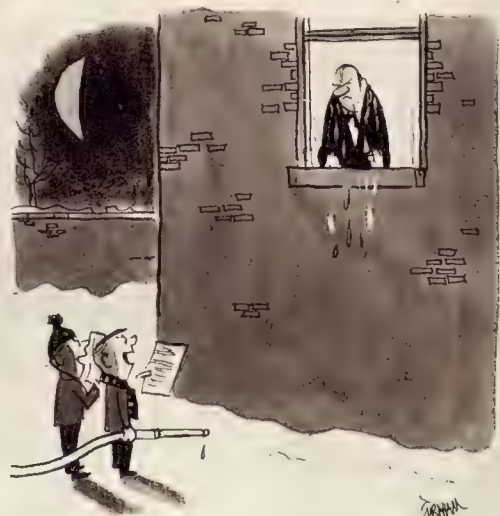
"You happen to be wrong. As a matter of fact—"

"Look, chum, you just pop across the road, see? They don't close till ten."

Reprieve

THIS reference to the Fox Inn, nearly opposite, we ignored. As to never having seen a poet, we'd already met Dame Edith Sitwell, apart from once seeing Mr. T. S. Eliot walking down Piccadilly and knowing a man in Albany, W., whose greataunt, then aged 5, was sick in Browning's hat. If this news impressed Ted Dewdrop despite himself, what really shook the tiny bouncer was the information that one hot Saturday we played for The Invalids, Sir John Squire's touring XI, knocking up, or back, six points, or pints. "Ho," said Ted Dewdrop, and reluctantly let us stay. The funeral was utterly boring and seven of the twelve fairies were cockeyed—my dear, but stinko. (End.)

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





Mr. Stanley Hall, Miss Phyllis Monkton and Miss Zena Dare, who was President of the ball



ACTRESSES HELD THEIR ANNUAL BALL

MANY stars of the theatre were among the 400 guests who attended this ball at the Savoy. It included a cabaret, where the audience was fascinated by a snake-charmer. Above: Sir George Harmood-Banner, Bt., and Lady Harmood-Banner, who was joint chairman of the ball



Mr. Jimmy Platt, Mr. John Prelllove and Mr. Harold Fish were with Mrs. Platt



Miss Joanna Ball and Mr. Jack Watts buy a programme from Miss Jennifer Ratcliff



Miss Anthea Higgins and Miss Jenny Richardson were selling programmes at this, the 36th Actresses' Ball

"SOMETHING PARTICULAR" (Hodder and Stoughton ; £2 12s. 6d.), by Ann Driver and Rosalind Ramirez, with exquisitely lovely illustrations by Isabel and John Morton-Sale, is the story of a venture by children in mime, music and dance, under the guidance of Miss Ramirez, a Royal tutor, and Miss Driver, a musician and broadcaster. The group of children met at York House, St. James's Place, and included the Princes of Gloucester and Kent. This is a fascinating book and gives a full account of the experiment, which includes scripts of all the mimes and music used



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

PORTRAIT OF AN INNOCENT

Now and then, we are given a picture of "an innocent." This occurs more often in fiction than in biography, for the reason that innocents (pure and simple) seldom leave enough mark on history, science or art, to attract the interest of a real-life chronicler. True, these types do sometimes, like opening buds, reveal either saintliness or genius—

but in that case, I would aver, they *were* never innocents "pure and simple." The hero of L. A. G. Strong's new novel, *DELIVERANCE* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), is of a naïveté which sheathes no superhuman gift.

Does it, however, sheathe something far more dread? Only chance, and of a last-moment kind, saves Georgie from becoming a murderer. Yet here's a mild, kindly man, of infinite patience who would never willingly have hurt a mouse.

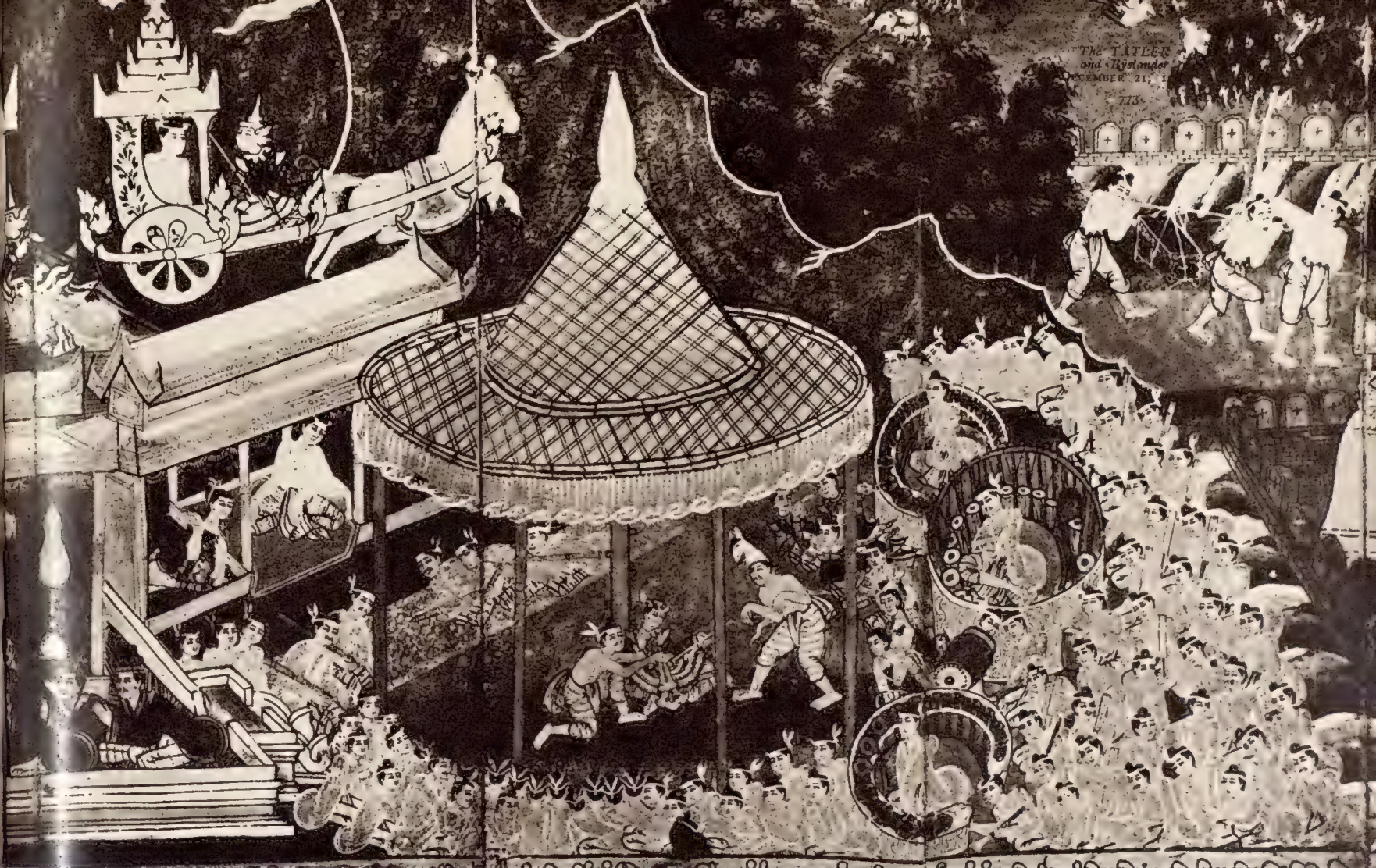
Yes, he's an orphanage boy—and, with that, an example of what would be now called "institution mentality." He is acquiescent, will-less, amiably grateful for any good thing which happens to come his way, and not given to thinking for himself. Growing up in a crowd, he has been, for better or worse, the object of no one person's special attention. His idea of his ego is pretty hazy; his likes and his dislikes are



MR. STRONG tells the first half of Georgie's story with attractive Dickensian cosiness. The afternoons with Aunt Butters, the diversions with wonderfully eccentric Uncle Eddie will rejoice the reader. Aunt Butters' house (formerly a gate-lodge, so stamped with a cottagey form of elegance) and small-windowed shop with its jars of goodies have, viewed through a child's eye, something of the charm of Beatrix Potter; or even of Lewis Carroll—for the good lady looks not unlike a sheep. And still dearer to Georgie are these hours, because they constitute "outings" from an orphanage.

"THE CONNOISSEUR YEAR BOOK" (National Magazine Co.; 21s.) is always delightful to the eye. The new number contains many excellent things, including three beautiful colour plates. Left: A tankard made 1700-20 for the Livingston family. Hudson River Valley by John Cluet. Right: Connecticut tankard (c. 1770). Ebenezer Chittenden





"THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA" (Phaidon Press; 47s. 6d.). In this beautifully produced book Amil de Silva-Vigier retells from ancient sources the famous story. It is illustrated with 160 works of Asian art, including that shown above, "The Nimi Jataka," a painting in a Burmese manuscript of the nineteenth century

unformed. To fall in with other people is second nature.

Hence, the annexation of Georgie by the appalling Grace. But that comes later. . . . The scene of *Deliverance* is a West Country city, which (as the time is some forty years ago) there seems no harm in identifying with Plymouth. Aunt Butters' home, later Georgie's, is in the suburb which overruns a former ancient estate; and Georgie's first post, after quitting the orphanage, takes him across the Tamar into Cornwall. The Treilthick chapters, with our lad bewildered by a phantom establishment, are as good as any. Ignominious return, with a reprimand, is his somewhat disheartening reward. However, a fresh page opens: on Aunt Butters' death, he learns that he is her heir.

Playing shop, in one's own little shop, and thereby earning one's living—could an unambitious character ask better? For the first time Georgie is his own master. It could be the making of him, to sustain this rôle.

BUT, blown in out of the dusk one evening, like a malevolent fairy, enters Grace! We look on, askance, at marriage by capture. I cannot conceal that much of the rest of the story is dark and gruesome.

The success of *Deliverance*, as I see it, lies in Mr. Strong's power to make us feel affection for his unheroic hero, and real concern as to his fate. Georgie is engaging, winning and touching. Heavily does he pay for his mistakes, all of which have been caused by too great naivety. Simple, he learns to be not a simpleton.

Love, at last, is to bring him to a sense of

his own manhood—but, alas, dangerously, and all but too late. The ironic, dramatic manner in which Georgie is saved from the consequences of his dread decision renders the end of *Deliverance* most exciting. Many a Georgie, indeed, has gone to the gallows. This tale offers as close a study of "provocation" as one is likely to meet for a long time—what, it makes one wonder, did Dr. Crippen go through? As it is, we bid farewell to a Georgie out of the frying-pan but into the fire; for Ruth, though a hundred times nicer than fiendish Grace, is also a woman of forceful will.

★ ★ ★

MORE FOR YOUR GARDEN, by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is a third collection of the author's famous weekly *Observer* article. As such, it is to be seized upon. These are the Sunday pieces written over two years: March 15th, 1953, to April 10th (Easter Day), 1955. In this collection, Miss Sackville-West has followed the same principle as in the two others—i.e., she has arranged the articles in months, irrespective of the years in which they appeared. "The only change I have made," she adds, "is to arrange them according to the date in the month, e.g., January 2nd, 1955, now comes next to January 3rd, 1954, and so on."

Gardening books are many; few, I imagine, fall far below the required standard. But here is one so fascinating in its enthusiasm that it would induce even a hardened flat-dweller to commit himself at least to a row of flower-pots.

HERE, too, are the records of a born experimenter, for whom a failure can be as interesting as a success. The endless choosiness (almost impossible to please!) of some plants and shrubs is, in itself, a subject. Also, Miss Sackville-West lacks, admirably, the hidebound conservatism of some gardeners—her outlook on each year's crop of gadgets and devices is, at least at the outset, always a kindly one: she's willing to try everything at least once.

Probably this artist-expert has done more than most to transform the idea of a garden from that of a rigid and somewhat ostentatious pattern into an imaginative picture;

in which, helped by the poetry of the seasons, the owner may either express his moods or find these beautifully reflected. Not only the photographs in this book (though they do, indeed, make one's mouth water), but also the vivid descriptive passages act as inspiration, and as incentive. Above all, *More for Your Garden* is warm with sympathy. No one who reads this book need battle alone.



Motoring

SPOILERS AT LARGE

IT was appropriate that Sir Lionel Heald's motion in the House of Commons on the subject of noise should have been seconded by Mr. Bell. Nor was Mr. Bell in any sense a decibel on this occasion, for he brought forward as many convincing arguments in favour of a fresh assessment of what can be done to diminish the noise of motor vehicles and of aircraft as did Sir Lionel himself.

The importance of Sir Lionel's motion lay in the central fact that he himself is an enthusiastic supporter of both aviation and motoring. He is not a crank, seeking to stop this, that and the other; but a person who accepts and appreciates modern forms of travel, but who wants to see them so treated that they do not spoil the enjoyment of the more static pleasures.

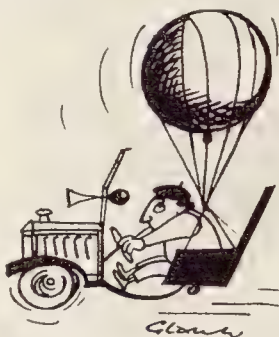
TODAY there are so many spoilers abroad; so many councils, Government departments and other official bodies anxious to damage and to spoil all the things contemplative people hold dear, that it is refreshing to find an eminent lawyer taking the other side.

To spoil seems to be the objective of most of the planners and the development experts. They want to *spoil* the appearance of bits of open country by cutting down trees; they want to *spoil* villages by building houses which do not conform to the traditional pattern; they want to *spoil* interesting pieces of road by too much straightening and levelling; they want to *spoil* rural amenities by introducing unrelated industries.

Perhaps the activities of these spoilers are beyond cure. But it is possible to do something to mitigate the spoliation brought about by noise. Motor-cars are not, on the whole, serious offenders. The best motor-cars are quiet running. Vehicular noise comes mainly from small engines fitted to bicycles; from heavy lorries and buses and, above all, from road repair apparatus.

Mr. Bell spoke of the "lads" of Rome who hire a scooter for "*un ora di rumore*"—an hour's noise—and who take delight in cacophonous motoring. In England such recreational noise-making is rare. But several Parliamentary speakers alluded to the subject I touched upon in these pages a short time ago; the subject of pejorative hooting. British motorists do not use their horns so enthusiastically as French motorists used to do, but they use them in a different and more objectionable manner: to indicate criticism of other drivers.

Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas referred to this kind of hooting and rightly condemned it. Perhaps we need not go so far as Paris by banning all use of hooters except in dire emergency; but we might at least ban pejorative and didactic hooting. It does no good and it frays tempers.



OVERWHELMINGLY the worst noise-makers are the road repair machines. The deafening noise they make is an indication of contempt of all such laws as there are to protect the citizen from excessive noise. The pneumatic pick (it is not a pneumatic drill, although that was what

M.P.'s called it) is a bad offender. Its noise is so great that it can hardly be compensated for by the increased rate of working. Let us ban hooting in London and other big cities. It would do no harm and it might lead (as the example of Paris suggests) to a slight diminution in the number of accidents. Let us also forbid those over-noisy road-breaking instruments beloved of the contractors, and let us demand that they think of something that will do the job more quietly.

AN experience has come my way which prompts me to utter a warning to all who propose to buy a car of Continental manufacture. During a cold day the starter of a German-built car failed. In order to repair that starter it had to be taken



out. That seems a simple enough problem. But in this car the steering had been shifted from the left-hand position to the right-hand, to accommodate our rule of the road, although the design had in other respects remained as it was. The consequence was that the steering-column ran close to the starter and nothing on earth would permit the starter to be shifted until the steering-column had been dismantled.

Even then the starter could not be taken out, and other drastic dismantling had to be undertaken before this was possible. The work required kept the car out of action for the best part of a week.

MY Christmas gift to readers—like those of charity organisations—must be another appeal—an appeal in favour of the metric system of weights and measures. Motoring was early in the field with the metric system and, to this day, we use cubic centimetres and litres to express swept volume. Bore and stroke are usually given in metric units. It would be an excellent thing if motoring were to go wholly metric and to undertake the task of popularising the metric system in this country.

The Hodgson Report—a notable document most carefully and judiciously compiled—suggests that British imperial measures must, in the end, be abandoned, and it advances a thousand reasons for the adoption of the metric system. Certain motor engineers who have tried it aver that it saves time and prevents errors in the drawing office. And it would be of help in all fields.

Let motoring do some pioneer work by taking wholeheartedly to the metric system. Such a step would aid a large part of our exports and would improve the efficiency of the whole industry.

—Oliver Stewart



Desmond O'Neill

Party at the Café Royal, to celebrate appearance of its "Biography"

Mr. Frederick Gore and Miss Sasha Morsom were among the hundred guests

Authors Mr. Guy Deghy and Mr. Keith Waterhouse showed Miss Marie Hooper the book

Mr. John Rowdon discussing the book with Miss Joyce Rowe, of the B.B.C.

Major D. Mason, Hon. Treasurer of the Memorial, with Miss M. Craven, Hon. Sec.



Miss Jill Towsey and Mr. Timothy Hale discussed the excellence of the first act



ROYAL GUEST FOR AMATEUR THEATRE

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT is seen (above) accompanied by Viscountess Wimborne as she arrived at the Scala Theatre for the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society's presentation of *For Better, For Worse*. Proceeds of the show were for the National Florence Nightingale Memorial



Van Hallan

Mr. S. J. W. Selley with committee members Miss Muriel Bailey and Mr. Norman Atkins



Col. W. M. E. White, Mrs. White, Miss Felicity Irvine and Lt.-Cdr. A. R. C. Rowe

IN VIENNA

TO-DAY

EVER-ELEGANT Vienna is already known as a great centre for knitwear. Now, tailor-mades and glamorous evening dresses are being added to its exports. On these pages we show clothes by some of the firms whose goods are sold in London shops. Except in the case of the two knitwear photographs, the very charming girls who are wearing them are Charlotte and Tanja Star Busman, daughters of His Excellency the Netherlands Minister in Vienna. Left: Adelmuller makes this wonderful cream-coloured satin ball gown, hand-embroidered all over with silk and pearls. The dramatically simple coat, with its wide collar and deep cuffs, is made of vivid yellow velvet. Below: A peasant costume by Lanz. A white cotton blouse is worn under a black silk dress over which is worn a pink silk apron. At the neck a tasselled red-silk square is arranged in traditional fashion.





A long sweater of bright yellow wool banded and collared in white by Lana. The little white wool cap can be buttoned on to the collar of the sweater

Below: Ribbed white sweater with close-fitting round neck, fastens with four big mother-of-pearl buttons. This, too, comes from the wholesale house of Lana



From Loden-Plankl, a typically Austrian grey wool suit with chamois horn buttons and green piping, worn with a heavy green Loden-cloth topcoat and a green velvet Tyrolean hat braid-banded

Below: Black silk dress woven with tiny white and grey flower-sprigs. Traditional peasant costume in conception, this type of dress is worn to parties and concerts by the smart Viennese women. By Lanz



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Dec. 21,
1955
778*



2

PREVIEW OF
THE FEAST

1



Michel Molinare

WE show here dresses suitable for all the eating and drinking and partygoing occasions that we shall all be crowding into this week and next. Informal, easy to wear but festive little numbers, they can all be bought at Fortnum & Masons, in whose famous kitchens we took these photographs. 1. A cream-coloured lace suit, with mink-edged collar. Smooth, straight and extremely distinguished, this is a dress for parties now, for Ascot later. Designed by Susan Small. 2. This full skirt of heavy brocade has a high, crossover corselet waist and fastens down the front with jet buttons. The silk jersey top is cleverly draped. Both are by Dorville. 3. Rima's narrow sheath of ombré lace, mounted on a brown taffeta foundation, shades from dark brown through grey to cream. The front of the bodice shows a brown pleated frill. 4. Right: Henri Gowns' full-skirted, short evening dress is composed of tiers of grey lace like a Spanish dancer's. The wide halter neckline of grey satin finishes in a bow



3



4



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

ALL-PURPOSE TOP-COAT AND WHAT GOES WITH IT

UNLESS they live permanently in the heart of a big town, most women find their first need is a tweed top-coat. Casual and elegant, it looks equally good for a day in London, a morning's shopping in Tunbridge Wells or a ten-mile tramp in the Lake District. Photographed in Peter Murray Hill's antique book shop, this double-breasted coat by Deréa is made of oatmeal coloured wicker-woven tweed and is sold by Dickins & Jones for 11½ gns. They also sell the brown melusine hat for £4 8s. and the accessories shown on the opposite page. Below: This pink lambswool sweater is cleverly knitted so that it can be worn equally well back-to-front. Notice the deep armholes and close-fitting neckline. Price 49s. 6d. Right: Still-life in a book shop. The brown calf-hide bag costs £4 4s. 6d. and the stitched brown suède gloves are £3 5s.





"Marly," a necklet (£52) and ear-clips (£5 17s. 6d.) in an antique gold design of winged Sea Horses with pearl drops. A smaller necklet (£21 12s.) and brooch (£4 10s.) completes the suite. Marshall and Snelgrove



"Attributes D'Amour." A brooch in antique gilt set with rhinestones has an eagle design with a "flash of lightning" surround. Price £10 from Harrods

Persia and India inspire new Dior jewellery

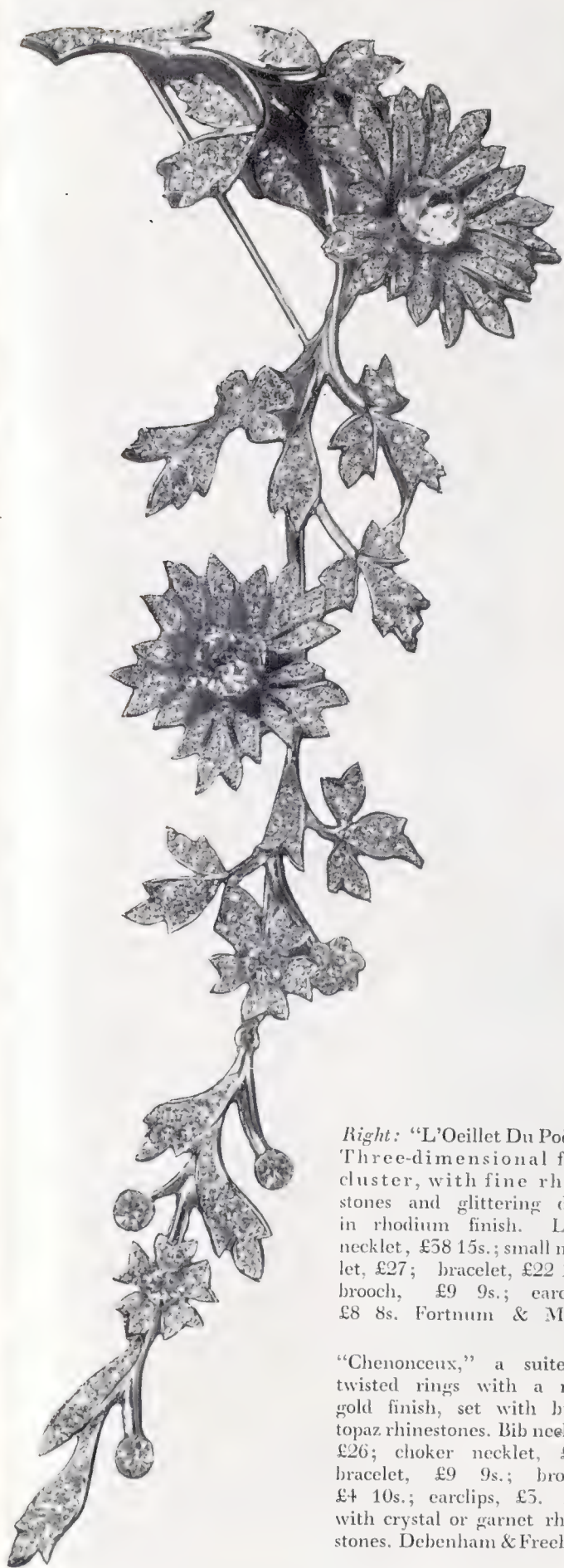
"Oiseau de Feu." This Firebird and foliage suite is set with rhinestones and the finish is in rhodium. Earclips, £5 17s. 6d.; necklet, £25; brooch, £6 15s. Fortnum and Mason

HERE we show some of the very latest designs of jewellery by Christian Dior, with a distinctive Eastern influence. They have been chosen to add gleam to a décolleté evening dress

— JEAN CLELAND



Musical fob piece held by two Cupids. The case has an antique gold finish, and central flecked amethyst surrounded by pearls. £11 11s. from Fortnum and Mason



Above: "Christmas Rose," a long spray brooch in diamanté with quivering rose, which can also be divided into two brooches. Price £32 10s. at Harrods

Right: "L'Oeillet Du Poète." Three-dimensional floral cluster, with fine rhinestones and glittering drops in rhodium finish. Large necklet, £58 15s.; small necklet, £27; bracelet, £22 10s.; brooch, £9 9s.; earclips, £8 8s. Fortnum & Mason

"Chenonceux," a suite of twisted rings with a matt gold finish, set with burnt topaz rhinestones. Bib necklet, £26; choker necklet, £24; bracelet, £9 9s.; brooch, £4 10s.; earclips, £5. Also with crystal or garnet rhinestones. Debenham & Freebody



Dennis Smith

"Tuileries." A shaped collier of dark and light sapphire rhinestones, with suite. Necklet £15 15s., bracelet £6 15s., brooch £4 10s., stud earclips £3 5s. Debenhams



Beauty

Jean Cleland

Invitation to the ballet

WITH interest in this number focused on the ballet, enchantment creeps into the pages. Just to think of it suggests the thrill of colour, movement and music blending together to create a spell from which one emerges as from a dream



Peter Clark

LORGNETTES give that extra touch of glamour to ensembles for evenings at the ballet. The Regency has been revived. Above: Here is the Gossamer, folding style, 3½ guineas. Below: The Domino, an exquisite lorgnette in the classic style. It is hand carved and made to conform to individual features. Like the Gossamer, it is of laminated lace. Cost, 6 guineas. Both are from Stanley Unger, 19 Upper Berkeley Street



HOW, with this magic in mind, can one be expected to write of sober practical things? Of diet, massage, exercise and the daily care of the feet, skin and hair. That these things are essential to the maintenance of health, and attractive appearance, we all know well enough. Let us for the moment, however, forget them. Push them aside with all that belongs to the daily round, the common task, and escape to happiness.

An invitation to the ballet is something special. An occasion for a lovely frock, jewels, scent, sheen and sparkle. To enjoy it to the full, one must be in the picture; radiant with the confidence that springs from good grooming, and the knowledge that one is "*en beauté*."

Few things tend to make the looks flower more than the scent of flowers themselves in the enveloping warmth of a hot bath. To leave this to the last minute, so that one has to jump in and out with haste, and scramble into one's clothes, is *NOT* the way to get the full benefit of a most beautifying affair.

ABATH, in these days, is not just a means of cleanliness. It is a luxury to be enjoyed at leisure. Give yourself time to lie back and relax. Give a little thought too, to the many enchanting bath luxuries that are now available. The essences, the scented oils, (wonderful if your skin is inclined to be dry), the lotions and the skin perfumes, which rubbed on after the bath, create an exquisite sense of finish. The sort of finish that feels costly, without really costing very much.

Before getting into the bath, make it a double treatment by giving your face a massage with plenty of good skin food. I say plenty, because this is the time when a fairly lavish supply can be left on for the steam and warmth to drive it right into the skin. If you are feeling tired, it is a good moment to use one of the "Uplift" preparations that do so much to give the face a new "lift." These should be applied with upward movement, after the bath (when all the cream has been wiped off the face) just before making-up.

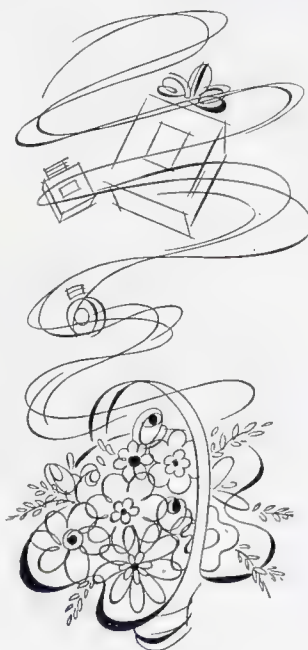
Looks that are really drooping—which is not uncommon at this time of year—can best be enlivened with a face mask or pack. If, for a special evening, such as a visit to the ballet, you want to look right on top of the world, it is well worth while making an effort to go to one of the top salons to have a facial treatment, which includes a mask. Here you can lie back in a restful atmosphere and, under the gentle influence of expert massage, drowse off and forget all the worries and irritations of shopping and Christmas preparations. Massage of this kind not only smoothes away little lines and wrinkles, but soothes the nerves and releases all sense of strain. At the end of the treatment—before the make-up which follows—make a point of telling the expert what colour you are going to wear in the evening. She will then choose just the right shades of powder, rouge and lipstick to go with it, and subtly flatter it.

THOSE who live far from a town may find it difficult to get to a salon, in which case the next best thing is to give yourself a facial at home. Start by cleansing the face in whichever way suits you best, follow with massage, using a rich skin food, and finally apply the mask. There are excellent ones to be had, all ready for use at home, and all you have to do is to apply according to directions. There is no quicker way I know of refining the skin.

What of your hair? Are you going to have it done just as usual, or are you going to

let frivolity go to your head, and let the hairdresser give you a special evening style. There are so many things that can be done now, to give a touch of evening magic. An added swathe to sweep the hair up to the crown. A special rinse to bring out the colour, or a little highlighting on a wave or a curl. Some of the evening accessories, too, are enchanting. Artfully designed with jewels or flowers or feathers, to go with evening frocks, they transform the looks from the "everyday" to the "extra special."

Invitation to the ballet is a wonderful excuse to indulge the longing, latent in all women, of a complete head to toe "dress up."





AMONG the great international celebrities who adorn the world of the Theatre and the Ballet is Miss Svetlana Beriosova, the beautiful young Sadlers Wells Ballerina whose recent brilliant performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, have won the acclaim of all the leading critics. Miss Beriosova's most famous roles include Princess Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty", Odette/Odile in "Le Lac des Cygnes" and Sylvia in "Sylvia".

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ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Margaret Anne St. Aubyn Carmichael, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Charles Carmichael, of Greyfriars, Redbourn, Herts, is to marry Mr. Edmund John Robert Naylor, younger son of Maj-Gen. and Lady Mary Naylor, of Dancer's Hill House, Barnet, Herts



Yevonde

Miss Catherine Margaret Dickinson, only daughter of Mr. W. G. Dickinson and stepdaughter of Mrs. Dickinson, of Mill Hill, Brandsby, Yorks, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Philip Margetson, younger son of Sir Philip and Lady Margetson, of Bembridge, Isle of Wight



Yevonde

Miss Kathleen Ann Foster, daughter of Sir Edward Foster, C.B.E., and Lady Foster, of Newton House, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, is engaged to be married to Mr. Charles Gilmour Payne, son of the late Major R. S. Payne and of Mrs. Payne, of Milnhead, Dumfries



Maddocks—Sinclair. Mr. John Leonard Maddocks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Maddocks, of The Dell, Four Oaks, Warwickshire, and Miss Georgina Margaret Sinclair, elder daughter of the late Sir Ronald Sinclair, of Dunbeath, Caithness, and of Lady Sinclair, of Barrock House, Dunbeath, and Cavendish Square, W.1, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

THEY WERE MARRIED



Salt—Lenox. At Holy Trinity Church, Cookham, Berks, Sir David Salt, Bt., eldest son of the late Cdr. Sir John Salt, Bt., R.N. (retd.), and of Lady Salt, of Park House, Cookham, Berks, married Miss Margaret Gillian Lenox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Alwyn Lenox, The Maltings, Cookham, Berks



Nugee—Makower. At Temple Church, E.C.4, Mr. Edward George Nugee, only son of Brig. G. T. Nugee, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., of Twickenham, Middlesex, and of Mrs. M. Brooks, of Harpsden, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, married Miss Rachel Elizabeth Makower, eldest daughter of Mr. John Makower, M.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Makower, of Binfield Heath, Henley



Stanier—Lambert. Capt. John Wilfred Stanier, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, son of the late Mr. H. A. Stanier and of Mrs. Stanier, of Hillside Farm, Colman's Hatch, Sussex, married at Danbury Parish Church, Essex, Miss Cicely Constance Lambert, elder daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Denis Lambert, of Manor Farm, Danbury



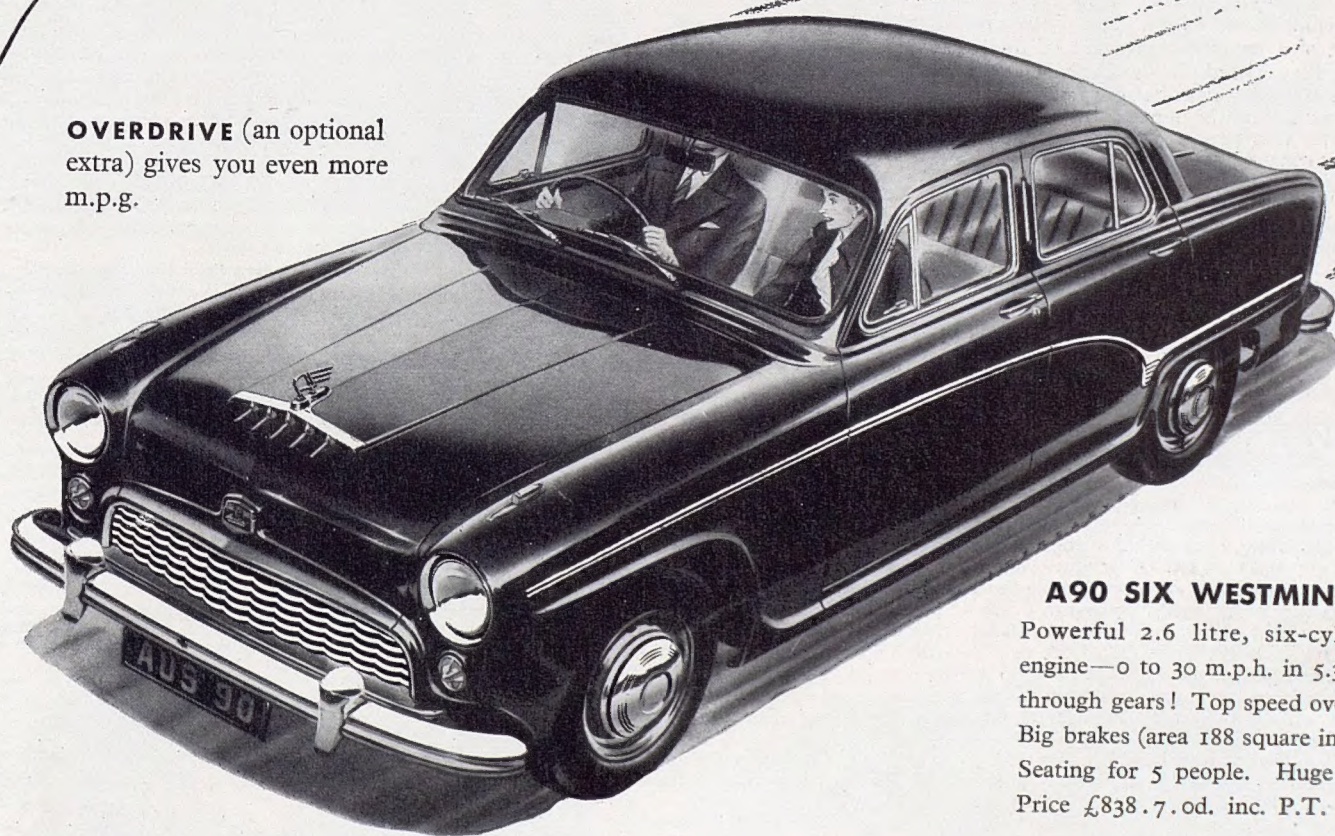
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HASSAN OF CHEZ AUGUSTE was at the Hungaria restaurant under Vecchi, and also worked at the Savoy, the Ritz, the Berkeley and the 400 Club. During the war he saw service at Alamein, and in Abyssinia and Greece. He is married with three sons

Ivan de Winter

DINING OUT

Full bottles against the moon

SEVERAL new autumn and winter wine lists have been received. The wine list of today is rapidly becoming a wine book; Bental's of Kingston-on-Thames actually name their list *Bental's Book Of Wines 1955-56*. Several pages are devoted to the enjoyment of wine, maps of the vine-growing districts, and what you should know about the various wines, with a mass of other information. Apart from a well-chosen and comprehensive list of their stock, at fair and reasonable prices, they include in the book illustrations of the right glass for each type of wine, all sorts of items of equipment for your private bar, and the price at which they can be purchased.

Short's, who boast the oldest wine house in London, have also sent in a wine list which contains maps of each individual district with a short description of their characteristics. They specialize in selling their wines at "reasonable prices" which at times seems almost an understatement. Here are a few examples: Château Calon Ségur, St. Estèphe, '52, 11s.; Château Haut Marbuzet, St. Estèphe, '49, 12s. 6d.; Château Rauzan-Gassies (Château bottled), Margaux, '47, 20s. There is an excellent Beaujolais '53 for 9s. and an Aloxe Corton '49 for 14s. 6d., also several Burgundies, '52 and '53, such as Nuits St. Georges, 14s., and Clos de Vougeot, 19s., which you are advised to purchase for "laying down." They also include a large range of champagnes from 21s. 6d. to 36s. per bottle.

FROM Southwell & Stevens, Bath Street, Glasgow, we have a small but satisfactory wine list which they describe as "purposefully brief because too wide a selection is often confusing." They print at the back of the book what they describe as "a light-hearted article debunking the wine and food expert," which caused me particular amusement as it is written by an old friend of mine, Robert Misch, a prominent member of the Wine and Food Society in New York. He stresses the importance, when you first arrive in a new community, of establishing yourself as a gourmet. This, he says, ensures above average food and wine when your neighbour asks you out to dinner, and this is how he suggests you handle the matter as far as wine is concerned: "When it appears, never, never just drink it. First, fondle it. Then hold it up to the light. Then sniff it, gazing off into space. Only then, take a sip—not a swallow, just a sip. Tilt back your head and let it run back into the mouth and gargle. All eyes will be upon you by now, so you must say something. Select from these time-tested phrases . . . 'Nice nose—perhaps a little young yet.' 'I think the '47s have a bit more breed.' 'What a body—really patrician, isn't it?'"

"If you wish to be a little more esoteric, try putting your host or hostess on the defensive. For example, look a little pained and say: 'Has this bottle breathed, Harry?'"

I can think of a few houses where this performance would make it quite certain that you would not be invited again.

Bristol sends a very comprehensive and well-produced wine list from Avery's, also containing a lot of useful information. We shall soon have to start up an Order for "Professors and Tasters du Vin en Angleterre."

As we are on the subject of imbibers, tasters, guzzlers and gourmets, and as Christmas is rapidly approaching, here is some wisdom from a Chinese poet, Li Tai Po, who wrote:

Be gay when thou art in a happy tone,
Let not an empty bottle face the moon.
God gave the talents not in vain,
A thousand ducats spent shall come again.
From ancient times all sages have been dry,
But drinkers leave their names that never die.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

A banquet of cook books

IF I were asked at this last minute, as it were, what I would like best for a Christmas present, I should find it difficult to turn down cookery books—not, let me add, the type that goes into exhaustive descriptions of basic things but, rather, those books written by excellent cooks who can also write, or written for them by someone who can. In short, the kind of book which not only instructs but also entertains.

I remember with joy a Gourmet Book, *Clementine In The Kitchen*, by Phineas Beck (who must have been Samuel Chamberlain). At the outbreak of World War Two, when the "Beck" family, after a residence in France of twelve years, left for the United States of America, Clementine, their perfect Burgundian cook, went with them, and her delightfully amusing adventures in cookery in the New World are cleverly interspersed with first-class recipes.

And here now is *Bouquet de France*, by the same Samuel Chamberlain (Hamish Hamilton, £3 3s.). With the author I motor vicariously through France, indulging with him in the special dishes of his favourite country inns, as well as the *recherché* places he knows so well. I also drink with him, sampling imaginary wines, real bottles of which I would like to serve in my own home if the prices were not prohibitive, though Mr. Chamberlain does not always recommend the most expensive ones.

Bouquet de France, an Epicurean Tour of the French Provinces, is beautifully illustrated. It is an enthralling, mouth-watering book for "Diners In."

Then there is *The Gourmet Cookbook* (Hamish Hamilton, also £3 3s.), full of the dishes of *la haute cuisine*. It is more of a recipe book than a teaching-plus-entertaining one, but what recipes!—the classic dishes of two hemispheres.

THE *Alice B. Toklas Cook Book* (Michael Joseph, 21s.) is another extremely entertaining one. It is a record of the many years the author spent with her friend, Gertrude Stein, and her friends, of the foods and wines they enjoyed together, of the various cooks in their household and, generally, of their adventures in gastronomy. Incidentally, Alice Toklas is herself no mean cook.

There is something fascinating in a cookery book which combines autobiography with worthwhile recipes.

For those who have travelled on the Continent and in countries much farther afield, and who enjoyed the food they had, there are books of recipes from other lands. Some of the latest which have come my way are the following: *Middle Eastern Cooking* by Patricia Smouha (André Deutsch, 9s. 6d.); *Good Food From Sweden* by Anna Olsson Coombs (Frederick Muller, 13s. 6d.); and *Chinese Cooking* by Frank Oliver (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). Some of the ingredients in this last may seem a little exotic—bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts—but, here in London, all of them can be obtained.

ANOTHER book I must mention is *Moorish Recipes*, collected and compiled by John, Fourth Marquis of Bute, (Oliver & Boyd, 7s. 6d.). Here, too, there will be no difficulty about the ingredients—except for the female locust's "caviare-like" eggs for locust bread!

Of the very many cookery books I own (and they are, literally, thousands), the one which is my undoing is *Modern Culinary Art* by Henri-Paul Pellaprat, published (in English) in France; because, any time I refer to it, I get "caught up" by and find myself revelling in his quaint English. In addition to writing the book originally, I think that he must also have translated it. He is not content to give the English word "blanch" for the French word, but tells us to "white the meat." And he will say "drop" when he means "drain."

Quaint English? Here are some extracts from the book, taken at random:

"In the past, preparation of dishes . . . was neos from architecture. Dishes were prepared in which principal thing was recovered with accessories and decorations. This was a great time for cuisine: Socles in grease, or in rice, flowers or vegetables in wax triumphed everywhere."

"Mussels are delicious shells, but they cannot be again eaten if a first experience proves that they are not convenient to the body."

Seriously, however, apart from "undoing" me, it is a most useful book and it can be bought in this country.

—Helen Burke



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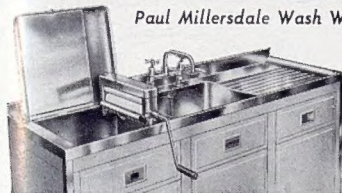
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